Saturday Review

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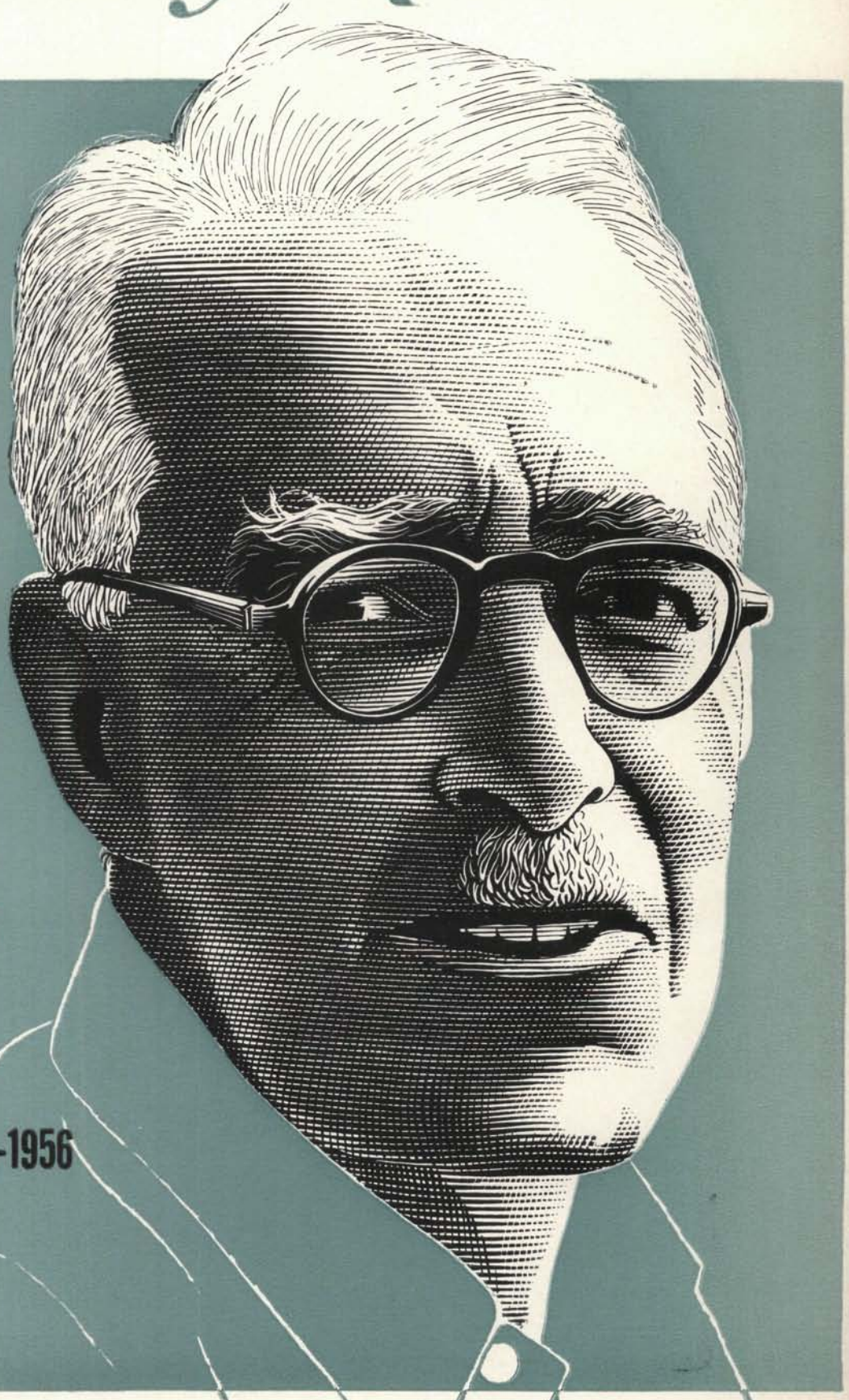

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nk O'Connor, author of
Mirror in the Roadway." (See page 12)

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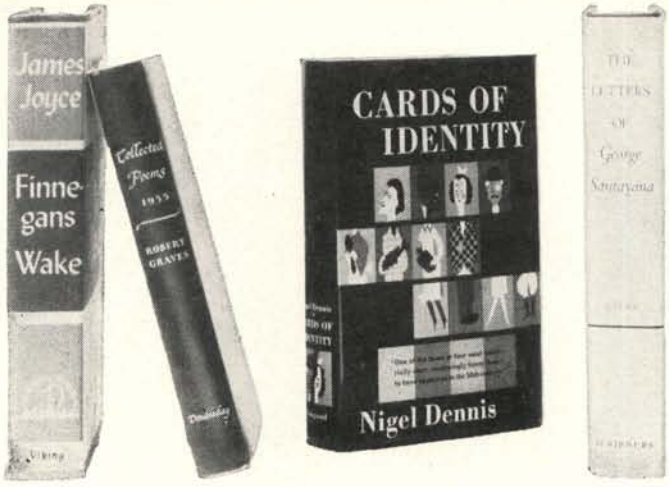

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L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Anchor Books are published by Doubleday & Company and may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops. For a complete list of Anchor Books write, L. L. Day, Dept. SR, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. ANSWERS: 1. George Meredith, whose work, together with Henri Bergson's "Laughter," is included in the new Anchor Book, "Comedy," (95¢); 2. Baudelaire's "The Mirror of Art" (Anchor Book, $1.45); 3. A Japanese expression of Chinese Buddhism which is considered one of the foremost challenges to Western religion ("Zen Buddhism," 95¢) 4. Edmund Wilson (Anchor Book A-85, $1.25); 5. Anchor Books.

The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 22, 1956

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh
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SR/IDEAS

9 Suppose Columbus Had Stayed Home, by Clyde Kluckhohn

11 Walter de la Mare: 1873-1956, by Laura Benét

19 Was Stalin a Spy? by Isaac Don Levine

20 An Exciting Time to Be Alive: An Editorial

SR/BOOKS

12 The Mirror in the Roadway, by Frank O'Connor
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

13 Frontiers of Love, by Diana Chang
Reviewed by Faubion Bowers

13 Zone of Emptiness, by Hiroshi Noma
Reviewed by Lucy Herndon Crockett

15 Gallipoli, by Alan Moorehead
Reviewed by S. L. A. Marshall

16 Men in Arms, by Richard A. Preston, S. F. Wise, and H. O. Werner
Reviewed by Gordon Harrison

17 The Man Who Lived Twice, by Eric Wollencott Barnes
Reviewed by Margaret Webster

18 Jean Cocteau, by Margaret Crosland
Reviewed by Evelyn Eaton

24 The Peculiar Institution, by Kenneth Stampp
Reviewed by Clement Eaton

25 The Negro in American Culture, by Margaret Just Butcher
Reviewed by Rayford W. Logan

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Trade Winds

14 Literary I.Q.

21 Letters to the Editor

26 Literary Crypt

30 Broadway Postscript

31 *SR* Goes to the Movies

33 Music to My Ears

34 Ideas on Film

35 Books for Young People

41 The Criminal Record

43 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1174

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In Oregon, ***Wayne L. Morse*** *(D), one of the most independent and courageous men in the Senate, must run for reelection in a state where financial resources on his side are practically non-existent. His opponent, former Secretary of the Interior McKay, will have literally unlimited financial backing.*

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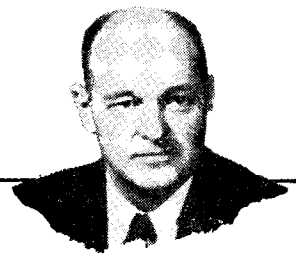

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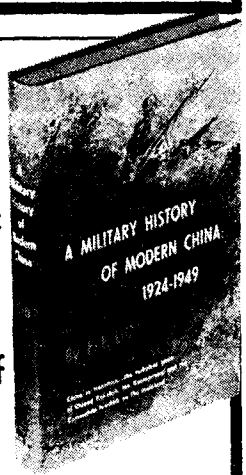

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TRADE Winds

"MINK SCHMINK" AS SUNG by Eartha Kitt has long been a favorite in my family, but never did I dream that my association of ideas could take me from the *Atlantic Monthly* in a straight melodic line to "Mink-Schmink." However:

"There are authors who go for minks," the *Atlantic*'s renowned editor, Edward Weeks, writes, "and authors who go for sinks." The *Book-of-the-Month Club News* is where he wrote it, and it referred to Kathryn Hulme and her *Atlantic* Prize money and then her book-club money for "A Nun's Story," just published by Little, Brown.

With the first, Mr. Weeks says, she built a new workroom in her small house in Pasadena, and with the second and larger amount she ordered "an elegant twin sink installed and bigger pipes under the house to make the run-off faster."

The quotes, actually, are from a letter to Mr. Weeks from Miss Hulme, but the mink-sinking which followed the quotes was Mr. Week's own. Did it mean that Mr. Weeks is harboring the good old artist-in-the-attic attitude?

WHILE I WAS pondering my rhetorical query there was delivered, by one of those pleasing coincidences novelists feel guilty about using in fiction, the summer issue of *The Paris Review*. And in it were some highly pertinent remarks about authors and money.

These came in a fascinating and somehow saddening interview with Dorothy Parker by Marion Capron of *The Paris Review* staff. Here are a few snippets from it:

Q: Do you think economic security an advantage to the writer?

A: Yes. Being in a garret doesn't do you any good unless you're some sort of Keats. The people who lived and wrote well in the 1920s were comfortable and easy living. They were able to find stories and novels, and good ones, in conflicts that came out of $2,000,000 a year, not a garret. As for me, I'd like to have money. And I'd like to be a good writer. . . .

Q: How about Hollywood as provider for the artist?

A: Hollywood money isn't money. It's congealed snow. . . .

Q: Do you think Hollywood destroys the artist's talent?

A: No,no,no . . . I think nobody on earth writes down. Garbage though they turn out, Hollywood writers aren't writing down. That is their best If you're going to write don't pretend to write down. It's going to be the bes you can do, and it's the fact that it' the best you can do that kills you. . .

THE WHOLE SERIES OF *Paris Review* interviews, by the way, has been good replete with those odds and ends o comment and detail that make writer less banal than many other folk. Thu far there have been interviews with E. M. Forster, François Mauriac Graham Greene, William Styron, Irwin Shaw, Alberto Moravia, Joyce Cary, Ralph Ellison, Georges Simenon James Thurber, Nelson Algren, and William Faulkner. I've missed several wish I hadn't, and should think somebody would be wanting to publish the lot of them as a book. (Perhaps somebody already is on press with jus that.)

One last bit from the Dorothy Parker piece concerns Harold Ross *The New Yorker*'s first editor. "He wa a professional lunatic," she said, "bu I don't know if he was a great man He had a profound ignorance. On one of Robert Benchley's manuscripts he wrote in the margin opposite 'Andromache,' 'Who's he?' Mr. Benchley wrote back, 'You keep out of this'."

ONE OF THE FALL'S big books, and not in bulk alone, is "The Letters of Thomas Wolfe," edited by Elizabeth Nowell who knew Wolfe for the final fifteen years of his life, at Scribner's and as his literary agent.

The book contains about 700 of his letters, most of them here published for the first time. They span Wolfe's entire life and include everything in the Scribner files, in those at Harvard's Houghton Library, and at the Pack Memorial Library at Asheville

"Some of Thomas Wolfe's most interesting letters were the ones he never mailed," is the way Miss Nowel begins her introduction, and the jacke copy says, "In fact, the record of his life in them is so complete that they could almost be termed 'The Autobiography of Thomas Wolfe."

And what an autobiography—how vivid, turbulent, obsessive, and grand Letters to Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Scott Fitzgerald, and other authors are here, letters to his own family, but far more compelling, I think, are those early ones to George Pierce Baker of the Harvard 47 Workshop, and, of course, the voluminous ones later on to Scribner's Maxwell

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Perkins, whom Wolfe called "a great editor and a brave and honest man," and from whom he parted in an agony of indecision and emotion in 1937, switching to Harper's.

It was to Maxwell Perkins, though, that Thomas Wolfe returned in the last letter he was ever to write, a letter dated August 12, 1938, a month before he died at thirty-seven.

"Dear Max," this letter begins, "I'm sneaking this against orders, but 'I've got a hunch'—and I wanted to write these words to you. I've made a long voyage and been to a strange country, and I've seen the dark man very close. . . ." It ends, "Yours always, Tom."

NEXT WEEK, SIMON & SCHUSTER will publish "The Success," by Helen Howe, who wrote "The Whole Heart," "We Happy Few," and "The Circle of the Day," this latter a Literary Guild choice.

Her new novel has been taken not by one book club but by two; it will be a "Special Member's Edition" of the Book-of-the-Month Club later this fall, and it's a major October selection of the Reader's Digest Book Club, with its guaranteed minimum bonanza being some $80,000, and its maximum who knows?

"The Success" is about a proper Bostonian wife and mother who becomes a dissatisfied and bored wife and mother and then a famous commentator on radio and television. Miss Howe, wife of Reginald Allen, who is assistant manager of the Metropolitan Opera, is the sister of Mark DeWolfe Howe of Harvard's Law School and of that famous commentator on radio and television Quincy Howe.

ANOTHER BONANZA BOOK, just out from Houghton Mifflin, is Margaret Lee Runbeck's "The Year of Love," a novel about modern India, originally called "Bride of India," and sold both as a magazine serial and as a movie.

The magazine was *The Woman's Home Companion,* and the movie studio M-G-M. The deal was handsome and escalatored, with $100,000 for the first few steps on the book's inevitable climb up to best-sellerdom.

Speaking of "up," it so happened that the Iowa-born, California-domiciled Mrs. Runbeck was in the stratosphere, flying East, during the hours of final negotiating between such earthlings as her agent, Harold Matson, and M-G-M's representatives. Just when their discussion got down to earth from all the preliminary cumulus the author came in for a perfect ballpoint landing and signed.

—LAURA Z. HOBSON.

EDITOR'S NOTE: TRADE WINDS *is being conducted by Laura Z. Hobson while Bennett Cerf is on vacation.*

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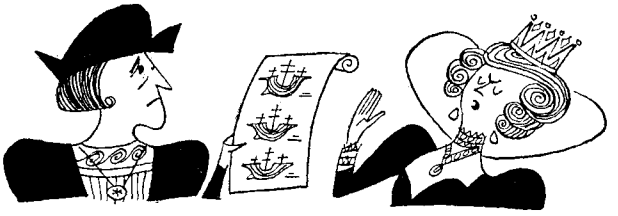
SUPPOSE COLUMBUS HAD STAYED HOME



That golden morning in October 1492, when one Rodrigo de Triana of the Niña *sighted Watling Island, marked the beginning of the end for the dozens of societies and tribes of the New World. From Cape Horn to the Barren Lands—cannibals, caribou-eaters, Incan engineers, Aztec priests, Iroquois chieftains, pitiful and innocent Arawaks, and all the rest—the culture of the red man was everywhere crushed by the superior technology of the whites. Students have long speculated on what might have evolved here if the isolation of the Western Hemisphere had been continued for a few more centuries. Would the subtle theologians and politicians of the Aztec and Incan Empires, for example, have eventually turned to the military arts they needed to protect themselves from the European? For an informed guess* SR *went to Clyde Kluckhohn, professor of anthropology at Harvard, expert on the Navajo, former director of the Russian Research Center, and author of many books and articles on scientific subjects.*

By CLYDE KLUCKHOHN

WHAT would have happened to the American Indians if they had not yet been "discovered"? Remember, first, that the pre-Columbian inhabitants of the New World were quite diverse in physical type and in ways of life. In language they varied even more than they did in physical type. American Indians are still asked: "Do you speak Indian?" although the New World was far more of a Tower of Babel than was Europe-Mediterranean Basin-Near East in Old Testament times. Apache and Hopi, in contrast to English and Russian, do not even share common roots. The tongue of the Zuni in the same geographical area has not been shown to be related to that of a single tribe within more than a thousand miles; it may have distant connections with the speech of a Mexican tribe far to the south. At least a thousand distinct languages must have been spoken in this hemisphere prior to 1492. Linguists recognize more than fifty separate families of languages. This diversity, like the biological, was to some degree brought from the Old World, to some degree the product of differentiation under conditions of geographical isolation.

A conservative estimate puts 10 million Indians in the New World at the time of the coming of the Europeans, with perhaps 4 million of these in Mexico and Central America and another 3 million in the central Andean region. Over much of the New World the population was spread thinly. Where a complex technology and social organization (Middle America and much of the Andean region) or favorable circumstances for obtaining food (fish on the Northwest Coast; fish, acorns, and other wild plants in California) permitted the density was not inconsiderable. Types of art, religion, political and social life exhibited a gamut of variability determined both by tradition and the accidents of history and by the kinds of subsistence available and the correlated size and concentration of population. In most of this hemisphere south of Canada and north of southern South America one or more food plants were cultivated. But agricultural groups ranged from the strictly sedentary and town-living to the semi-nomadic; from the "tribelets" of California to the tightly-knit Inca state.

The Eskimo are not exactly Indians. In 1500 A.D. they were spread from the Aleutian Islands to Labrador and as far south as the Gulf of Saint Lawrence. These squat people with heavy facial muscles have a look of their own. No experienced and observant traveler in the North confuses an Indian with an Eskimo. And their social life, religion, and technology have a distinctive flavor. They are particularly remarkable for the mechanical ingenuity with which they adapted

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to a harsh environment. I once asked two medical colleagues who had spent some time among the Navajo Indians and among the Eskimo to tell me in one sentence what the difference was that struck them most. "The Eskimo has the mind of a surgeon or of an engineer; the Navajo has the mind of a psychiatrist," one of them replied. At any rate, all students are agreed that in ancestry and in culture the Eskimo are distinct from the American Indian. One theory still popular with some anthropologists is that the Eskimo represents the descendants of our own Stone Age ancestors who followed game animals northward as the ice sheets retreated after the major glaciation in Eurasia.

Of course, one can pick two Indian tribes that look and act as differently as does one of them compared with an Eskimo group. There were tall and short Indian populations, lean and heavy ones, those whose men had very little hair on their faces and those whose men were almost as hairy as Europeans. These—and many more—variations are due in part to the somewhat different strains brought from Asia by successive waves of migrations; in part they are probably traceable to what happens to small groups that breed in relative isolation, what geneticists term "gene loss." Nevertheless, the pre-Columbian Indians were all, or almost all, of the generalized Mongoloid type. They were by no means identical in "race" with the Chinese or the Japanese or the aboriginal inhabitants of Siberia, but they resembled such groups more than they did any other large segment of humanity.

MOST American ethnologists, like many American politicians, have been isolationists. They developed and staunchly defended an ethnological Monroe Doctrine which held that the inventions basic to civilization (cultivated plants and domesticated animals, pottery, irrigation, metallurgy, writing, calendar systems, and cities) were made independently on both hemispheres. The migrants from Asia, although the earliest may have arrived 15,000 years ago or more and the latest perhaps only shortly before the Christian era, are all considered to have lacked these traits. While the cultures brought to the New World differed in detail, they all had a quite similar and relatively simple base. The more liberal of the orthodox American anthropologists will grant that Chinese junks were probably washed up on the shores of this hemisphere, that there may have been occasional Norse and possibly Polynesian pre-Columbian contacts. But they maintain that the vast majority of such cultural seeds as may have been thus planted soon withered. They prefer to explain the specific similarities that have been pointed out between Oceania and South America, between the Northwest Coast and parts of Oceania or Asia, as parallel developments arising from selective adaptation to environmental pressures. They will admit that there seems to be a good case for the sweet potato (a South American cultivated plant) having been transmitted to the Pacific Islands in pre-European times. Yet their reaction to this as to the furor over the *Kon-Tiki* expedition is something like this: "Yes, there may have been a few exchanges of cultural elements between the two hemispheres. Yes, we grant that an occasional vessel with live human beings aboard could have crossed the Pacific. However, there is no evidence that such events had major effects upon the development of New World cultures."

The arguments for this view rest alike upon positive and upon negative grounds. The only domesticated animal common to the two hemispheres is the dog. Beside the dog the Indians had domesticated—but only in a few regions—the turkey, the Muscovy duck, the llama, and the alpaca. The only plants cultivated both in the New World and the Old were sweet potatoes, cotton, gourds, and (in a few coastal spots) coconuts. The Indians depended primarily upon a quite distinctive agricultural inventory, especially maize, potatoes, and certain species of beans. The absence of the wheel in the New World has always been a favorite bulwark of the defenders of the ethnological Monroe Doctrine. However, wheeled toys have been excavated in Mexico from strata that are certainly pre-Columbian, and some Maya archeologists are convinced that certain Maya pottery was made on the wheel. One possible interpretation of the general picture is that one or more groups emigrating to the Americas brought with them at least the *idea* of agriculture, of pottery, or metallurgy, of the wheel, and the like.

As one who is not a true specialist

(*Continued on page* 37)

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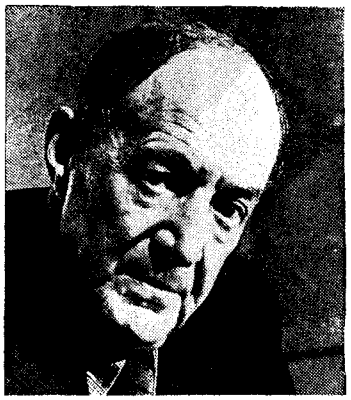
WALTER DE LA MARE: 1873-1956



—John Gay.

By LAURA BENÉT

WITH the sudden going of Walter de la Mare a poet unrivaled in his own field passes from the scene. He was not only a gentle, wise, and hospitable being possessed of immense charm and fun, but no poet in his native England, or indeed in the world, had his gift of fantasy, his intense hunger for the land just across the border of reality, that land of light and shadow made memorable in both his poetry and his stories. Despite the vogue of modern verse so different in quality and content, Mr. de la Mare in his later years attained the honors and recognition he richly deserved. He was one of the favored twenty-four persons who hold the Order of Merit. Four universities had made him a Doctor of Letters, he was an honorary Fellow of Keble College, Oxford, also an honorary Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. For half a century up to the last months of his eighty-three years he continued to bring forth books illumined by the spiritual awareness of one who loved this life well. Yet he walked also a farther land, darkly unknown to us but of which he had astonishing intimations.

De la Mare was born in Charlton, Kent, a connection of the Robert Brownings on his mother's side. For years he was a statistician in the Anglo-American Oil Company in London and wrote one book, "Henry Brocken," on scraps of that firm's paper. In 1902 he published his first effort, "Songs of Childhood," under the name of Walter Ramal. For some time he was considered solely as a writer of unusually perceptive and delicate verse for children, but in 1908 the Asquith Government recognized his talent and granted him a small pension. Later on, in 1922, his longest novel, "Memoirs of a Midget," received the James Black Tait Memorial Prize and he was enabled to devote himself to the loved occupation of writing.

As poet, anthologist, and tale-teller, his was a prolific genius and volume followed volume as the years marched forward: "The Return"; the inimitable rhymes in "Peacock Pie"; Collected Poems; fantasies such as "The Three Royal Monkeys," "Desert Islands," and "Lord Fish"; "Early in the Morning" (that rare book on the childhood of unusual people); the remarkable anthologies "Love," "Behold This Dreamer," and "Come Hither," and finally, in 1949, his Collected Tales and the final achievement of his poetry in "The Burning Glass" and the "Winged Chariot."

The tales, like the poems, illustrate the two sides of his imagination. He is a *revenant*, looking deeply into the intricacies of the human soul, able to apprehend it in a peculiar way—yet he is a realist. How comprehendingly he deals with hardhearted childhood and the lonely pathos of the mad in that unforgettable picture "Miss Duveen," sustains the malicious horror in "Seaton's Aunt" and suspense in "Missing," a murder story. How piteous is the dedicated artist in that marvelous saga "The Tree," how actual the young wife and mother in "Physic." He is able in the same breath to tickle our sensibilities with the humorous portrait of Jones in "The Corner," and to strike terror by the grim journey in the poem "Solitude."

> And islands
> Peaks of such beauty that
> Bright danger seems to lie in wait,
> Dread, disaster, boding fate; . . .
> And every thorn
> And weed and flower
> And every time-worn stone
> A challenge cries on the trespasser,
> Beware,
> Thou art alone!

No one since Coleridge could create this atmosphere.

Yet no mortal ever reveled more than did this poet in the coming of the light, in every tiniest revelation of earthly loveliness in sky, wind, water, flower, tree, and humans—especially those who by reason of certain strange characteristics became members of his world.

There is not space to quote from a longer poem, but for simplicity "Why Then Comes In" is perfect of its kind:

> Long-idling Spring may come
> With such sweet suddenness
> It's past the wit of man
> His joy to express. . . .
>
> To share, to live, to be
> Merely a reflex of
> Earth's old divine delight
> And peace and love!

MY MEETING with De la Mare was a happy privilege. I was traveling with my mother in England in 1932, and my brother, William Rose, had given us a letter of introduction to the poet. He replied to it with a most cordial invitation to come for a day to Taplow Priory, not far from Windsor. From the instant we met I was struck by the expression of his extraordinary eyes, which seemed somehow to convey everything man had ever thought or felt. Twenty years later, when his wife was gone, I met him twice in his home at Twickenham and both visits were joyful and friendly occasions.

In parting (how little I thought it was our last meeting on *terra*) I said: "One thing I must know, for at times in your poems I sense an uncertainty: Do you believe in another life?"

He looked at me reproachfully, yet with amusement, "Let us leave out that word 'believe'," he said. "One doesn't *believe* in butterflies. They simply *are*. Why, of course. And more and more I do every day and night. I see it in dreams."

To me Walter de la Mare's poem "The Gnomon" might well be his epitaph:

> I cast a shadow. Through the gradual day
> Never at rest it secretly steals on;
> As must the soul pursue its earthly way
> And then to night be gone.
>
> But Oh, demoniac listeners in the grove,
> Think not mere Time I now am telling of;
> No. But of light, life, joy and awe and love:
> I obey the heavenly Sun.

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SR's Author of the Week:

FRANK O'CONNOR

Book: "The Mirror in the Roadway"

By Thomas E. Cooney

IT HAS taken the United States a long time to discover Frank O'Connor. Although he had published fifteen volumes, most of them short stories, by the end of World War II it is only in the last decade that American critics and readers have paid him his due. Now, as each new volume of short stories appears the critics repeat what they have said before—that he is "One of the best writers of our time, and as far as Irish are concerned he is almost, if not quite yet, the peer of Joyce and Yeats."

Frank O'Connor seems to exemplify the talkative Irishman, drunk with words. Evidences of this typically Irish intoxication crop up in his background. Born Michael O'Donovan in Cork in 1903, he wanted to be a painter, but was forced by poverty to deflect his artistic impulse to the less expensive medium of pen and paper. He has been a writer from the age of twelve, and wrote much of his early work, including a prize-winning study of Turgenev, in the Irish language, which he heard spoken at home and later mastered thoroughly. Largely self-educated, he has worked as a librarian and translator, being inadvertently helped in the latter occupation by the Free State Government, which interned him for a period, thus giving him time for concentrated language study. The most striking evidence of this interest is the vigorous flow of talk in his stories, most of which are told in highly idiomatic first person narrative. An inveterate conversationalist, he constantly renews contact with Irish talk at its source, mostly by cycling around Ireland and talking with the people he meets, as he is doing this very summer.

But his object as a writer has never been to create a fabric of language for its own sake. Rather, it has always been to *tell a story*. Accordingly, his conversational jaunts, afoot and by wheel, are not taken out of pure lov of the savor of language, but to ge ideas for stories. Constantly referrin to himself as a storyteller, O'Conno points out that many of his earl works, especially "Guests of the Na tion," which was the title story of hi first published book in 1931, wer written under the influence o the great Russian-Jewish storytelle Isaac Babel. Most of O'Connor' wrestling with style has been an ef fort to find an idiom in which th story could freely tell itself. In hi youth an imitator of Chekhov, he wa nevertheless dismayed to discove eventually that Chekhov's stylism like that of Joyce, had muffled th true voice of the short story, whic to O'Connor is that of a ma speaking.

The story, he insists, must b something that the writer can hon estly tell as a bit of life, not a gim mick. Any twist must be as "th twisting of the iron bar," he says, "th incident which leaves the person t whom it has happened different fo the rest of his life." His belief in th universality of an honest story is il lustrated by the fact that he ofte puts into an Irish setting a story h has heard in his wanderings in Eng land or France or even in America for he is now married to an American and resides in Brooklyn. He uses th Irish background only because h knows to the last syllable how every thing can be said in Ireland.

O'CONNOR'S NEW BOOK: Informal, charming, and a touch garrulous, Frank O'Connor's new book "The Mirror in the Roadway" (Knopf, $4.50) suffers from its provenience as a series of lectures and from a confusion of aims. However attractive as lectures, the chapters remain discursive; they do not mount either individually or collectively or by groups into single spires of meaning, so that, despite frequent insights, the book has an odd air of being all things to all readers.

The other difficulty is confusion of aims. Mr. O'Connor is writing a history of the development of certain strands in fiction with reference to changing social contexts. But he is also writing about the "classical distinction between judgment and instinct" and about dreams wherein this distinction appears as the "metaphor of father and mother." He believes the nineteenth-century novel is a great and wonderful form, which fell into decadence with the generation of Henry James, and this is a problem in literary history. But the distinction between judgment and instinct, with which he bravely begins in his discussion of Jane Austen, is a problem in ethics and philosophy, whereas his father-mother problem is a Freudian excursus into biography. A kind of brilliant fog enshrouds his pages, wherein criticism must be read by flashes of transient illumination.

And yet how brilliant these moments of insight sometimes are! "In reading Joyce," he writes

> one is reading Literature—Literature with a capital L. The tide rises about the little figures islanded here and there in a waste of waters, and gradually they disappear till nothing is left but the blank expanse of Literature, mirroring the blank face of the sky.

What distinguishes Russian fiction, he says, is "a new gravity in the approach to human beings considered as part of a larger social group." His analysis of Proust is superb, partly by reason of the very inchoateness I have just complained of. He notes that in all of Dickens's work

> there is a flight to the periphery of the story, a sort of embarrassment with the given material; yet, though this means that almost always the center of a Dickens book is empty or nearly empty, it means, too, that towards the periphery there is always a great sense of crowds and vitality.

And to have had the courage to say of Henry James's novels that their

> arrangements are impeccable and rigorous, but at times they resemble those of a magpie of genius rather than those of an artist

marks a certain candor, a certain freshness in Mr. O'Connor's reading of books. I can but wish that Mr. O'Connor had considered his problem a little more seriously.

—HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

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ASIA IN WARTIME

—George Cserna.

DIANA CHANG was born in New York City, but was taken to China by her Eurasian mother at the age of eight months. She remained there until the end of World War II, living in Peiping, Nanking, and Shanghai. Following graduation from Barnard College in 1949, Miss Chang was granted the John Hay Whitney Foundation fellowship that enabled her to complete her first novel, "Frontiers of Love" (see below). This is not her first appearance in print; her verse has been published in a number of magazines.

HIROSHI NOMA, now forty-one, is counted a representative member of the Japanese postwar school of writers. Following graduation from the University of Kyoto (where he concentrated on French literature) he worked for a time as a civil servant in Osaka before being drafted into the army. He saw action in the Philippines. A poet who writes in the new symbolist style and a novelist who has tried to develop his own style, he has many volumes to his credit. "Zone of Emptiness" was written in 1952.

. China

'rontiers of Love," by Diana iang *(Random House. 246 pp. .50), is the story of a cosmopolitan oup in Shanghai between the com-ete defeat of the Japs and the re-ergence of the Kuomintang.*

/ Faubion Bowers

'HE novel form has not been until . quite recently a factor in Asian erary life. Thus it is remarkable that ana Chang, who was brought up in ina, should have coped so easily her first novel, "Frontiers of Love," th a medium so alien to her en-onment. Aside from this grasp of hnique, her book is adult and re-ctive. It reminisces over the most portant facts of the author's own e, apparently, and recalls an ex-edingly interesting period of history an extremely important country, spite the fact that at first glance her ople appear specialized—the Eura-ns—of a rather special city, Shang-i.

Miss Chang tells her story in a dark ting. It is Shanghai in the twilight riod between the full defeat of the panese and the reemergence of the omintang and, simultaneously, of nerican ubiquitousness in China. rties take place in blackouts; people e used to speaking in whispers, in se the Japanese are listening; Com-nists are subtly operating; and the al intents of people are all under-ver, hidden in the recesses of their nds. The characters for the most rt belong to a half-world, a half-hearted, undecided, and lonely area of life. On every page is the trouble, torture, or torment of being Eurasion —half-Chinese, half-something else. Huddles of these half-castes collect together and find their companionship in each other, in informal love affairs, in parties. The hosts and other guests at these parties are often the oddments of nationalities never quite involved—the non-internees of Irish, Turks, Swiss, and Jews of Shanghai in 1945. "None of them were Chinese," she writes, "and none of them could be alien in the secure way that an American or a Britisher could be."

For the central characters, the Eurasians, the complication is multiple. There is one fine scene over the fact that one of their group has gone to the Chinese opera. Someone unmercifully and nastily showing her contempt asks, "*Who* goes to the Chinese opera?" Another of the group explodes (he is the one who has chosen to be Chinese, who has taken a Chinese name, and who affects a halting, formal English "pretending it was not his mother tongue and that he had difficulty with its construction"), saying angrily, "You have lived all your lives in China. But do you know it? Do you have an iota of curiosity about the country? . . . All of you have held your noses and yearned for America. You feel besieged by Asians in this—this outpost, this colonial outpost, Shanghai." Sylvia, the heroine of the novel, reacts. "All at once her head had begun aching . . . she was guilty of not knowing who she was. . . . She was both as American as her own mother, and as Chinese as her father. She could not deny her own ambivalence. She leaned against the wall and cried . . . 'How I wish they'd bomb us tonight!'"

The Eurasian problem which subtends the novel's cast of characters determines their political predilections. The sides divide up and some go to the Communists, who seem to offer a solution to the dilemma of the displaced, or rather, placeless half- Chinese, others try for a middle-of-the-way liberalism, which the Kuomintang in the early days seemed to represent, and others seek ways of simply running away to the America they have never known.

As good as "Frontiers of Love" is as a first novel, I cannot help wondering, because the book is so intense, if it is not an autobiographical one-shot. It almost seems that writing for the author is little more than the release of a rather troubled, almost angry, soul, that she had this and only this to say and, now, might easily have finished with the novel form. If this speculation were true it would be a great pity. Miss Chang is gifted, and many books on many subjects should come from her, especially since she has so easily hurdled the problem of craft necessary to expressing oneself through the written word.

2. Japan

"Zone of Emptiness," by Hiroshi Noma *(translated into French at the University of Tokyo; translated from French by Bernard Frechtman. World Publishing Co. 317 pp. $3.95), is a story of enlisted men's life in the Japanese army. Lucy Herndon Crockett, our reviewer, is the author of several books with a Japanese setting.*

By Lucy Herndon Crockett

TO MOST Occidentals the Japanese are a baffling and unfathomable people, even as Orientals go. Although Hiroshi Noma in "Zone of Emptiness" has set out to describe "not only the Japanese army but what is universal in the Japanese soul," upon completing his novel of wartime Japan the reader is likely to be more baffled than ever.

More specifically, the purpose of "Zone of Emptiness," one gathers, is to portray how soul-crushing and senseless is the military system—scarcely a novel theme. The insuperable tedium of garrison life will have a familiar ring to any reader who has known it in our own armed forces, and the poorly heated Japanese barracks during the bleak gray months of winter must indeed have been

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dreary. The standard gripes are here: officers are despicable, the food is lamentable, the system is unfair. It all has a familiar ring—but with a vast difference.

There is a weird fascination in following what happens to Fourth Year Soldier Kitani, just released from a term in prison for stealing an officer's wallet, during the fortnight of unhappy barrack-room life before he is shipped out. It is said that the outlook of the enlisted man of any nation essentially differs little, nor has his behavior and talk changed greatly throughout the ages; but the Japanese G.I.'s in this novel don't talk or behave like any men in uniform that one can imagine as ever existing.

For instance: Kitani upon arrival at the barracks makes himself at home on another soldier's bed until his own is set up. He is incensed when the owner asks him to move. "Shutting his eyes and clenching his teeth, he tried to swallow his rage as if it were a lump of repulsive food." What was the reaction of the rightful owner? He too sat down on the bed and "artfully edged Kitani against the wall, and Kitani struggled with his shoulder to maintain his place on the bed. Neither of the men yielded. An unspoken hatred was born between them."

THROUGHOUT the book these Japanese G.I.'s behave like a bunch of would-be-tough youngsters playing at being soldiers. "You idiot!" is apparently the favored epithet. There is a great deal of somewhat incredible barrack-room talk, leading nowhere. The book has been translated into English that is at times awkward—

"without someone's pestering you"—and occasionally startling ("the room had an equivocal appearance"); the American idiom is thrown around with a free but not always sure hand.

The publishers call this a "shocking and brutal novel," but beyond the fact that the Japanese are in the habit of beating up their own people upon the slightest provocation there is nothing in this book that is particularly shocking or brutal. Soldiers are admonished for various defections much as an indulgent parent might caution a child "not to do it again." Kitani beats an enfeebled officer into a pulp; since no further mention is made of this incident he evidently goes unpunished and even unreprimanded.

Kitani, an odd bird at best, is an oafish lout alternately filled with self-pity and given to uncontrollable rages—a type to alienate rather than enlist the reader's sympathy. His friend Soda, who inexplicably develops a protective affection for Kitani, in his own labored introspections makes a little more sense, although his lines of reasoning follow a wearisomely stereotyped pattern. At one point he wonders: "Had Anzai been seized with a wild desire to escape from that place where the call of the bugle punctuated regularly the servitude and degradation of the soldier? 'Maybe the paradise that some of us dream about,' he would sometimes think, 'is a world without bugle calls'." Soda naturally blames the army for the weakening of his own moral fiber.

One can only hope that the "Japanese soul" encompasses more than is indicated by the confused musings of the irrational Kitani and pseudo-intellectual Soda.

ANATOLIAN BOYHOOD: **"Beyond the Aegean"** (Vanguard, $3.50), the first novel to be published in the United States by Ilias Venezis, a writer highly regarded in his native Greece, is an idyll of childhood spent in a land of bucolic peace and happiness. The land is Anatolia, in Asia Minor, just before the Turkish invasion of 1914, and the children are the grandchildren of a prosperous farmer whose ways are just. As they respond with fearful joy to the beckoning mysteries of the mountains and woods around them from which they can always return to the self-sufficient security of the thick-walled farm, the children are only fitfully aware of the course of events which threaten them all round eventually to descend upon their innocence and the innocence of the land with the suddenness of a flash flood.

In most respects as it is given to us in a translation by E. D. Scott-Kilvert "Beyond the Aegean," a loosely-woven narrative interspersed with old legends, is a story that might be told by a writer of any nationality who possessed a simple purity of feeling and who had retained the ability to see events through the wondering eye of his childhood. But in his natural unselfconscious use of such devices as the personification of animals and the invocation of the elements Mr. Venezis adumbrates his connection with the great mythic tradition which once peopled the world with gods and heroes who are still remembered.

—JEROME STONE.

DRAMA DOWN UNDER: Cattle ranches that run to a million acres, household help composed of docile, loyal "blacks," foremen who talk about taking the whip to uppity half-caste employes with the offhand manner of an officer remarking that a soldier needs a haircut sound a little like the dreams of a crack-pot, unreconstructed Texas millionaire. Actually these conditions form part of the background of Jon Cleary's sixth novel, **"Justin Bayard"** (Morrow $3.50).

The scene is northwestern Australia and Mr. Cleary has drawn a vivid picture of the country where

(*Continued on page 27*)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

IS THE EDITOR IN?

Lots of authors have been editors as well. John G. Clarke of Albuquerque, N. M., lists a dozen of these, along with the dissociated names of the periodicals with which they were affiliated. He asks you to pair them all up. Manuscripts returned on page 29.

1. Joseph Addison and Richard Steele	( )	"American Mercury"
2. Charles Dickens	( )	"Analectic Magazine"
3. Ralph Waldo Emerson	( )	"Atlantic Monthly"
4. Bret Harte	( )	"Cornhill Magazine"
5. William Dean Howells	( )	"Dial"
6. Washington Irving	( )	"Examiner"
7. George Henry Lewes	( )	"Fortnightly Review"
8. James Russell Lowell	( )	"Household Words"
9. Henry Lewis Mencken	( )	"North American Review"
10. Edgar Allen Poe	( )	"Overland Monthly"
11. Jonathan Swift	( )	"Southern Literary Messenger"
12. William Makepeace Thackeray	( )	"Spectator"

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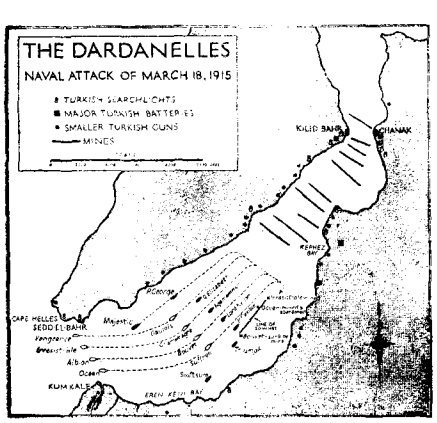
Disaster and Deathless Courage

***"Gallipoli," by Alan Moorehead** (Harper. 369 pp. $4.50), is a new account of the sea-land effort in 1915 to knock Turkey out of World War I. Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall, our reviewer, is military critic of* The Detroit News *and author of "The River and the Gauntlet" and other books on war.*

By S. L. A. Marshall

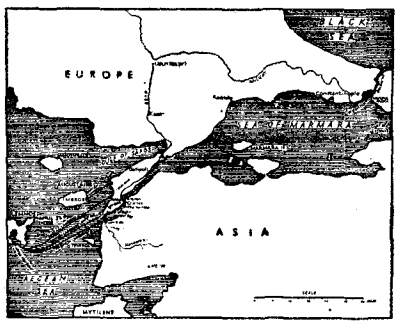
CAPT. B. H. Liddell Hart calls it "a masterpiece" but no single word or brief review can convey the excitement, the richness, and the power of Alan Moorehead's new book, "Gallipoli." Some so-called masterpieces are dull as ditchwater. This one thrills.

Mr. Moorehead has taken one of the most worked-over of modern military campaigns—the sea-land effort in 1915 to knock Turkey out of World War I—and spun out of it a universal story of courage, hope, devotion, misunderstanding, and monumental struggle. Even to undertake it was an act of consummate daring. Masefield the poet, Churchill the statesman, and Kemal Pasha the warrior are but three of the many gifted men who have done their best with the same theme. Moorehead's book is the best evidence of their combined shortcomings. It is a contribution to the enduring literature of the world. There has been no finer military writing in our time. Military people should adore it for its fastidious regard for all the values which they most greatly treasure. Civilians will weep over many of its passages and get from the whole a proportioned view of war's panorama, from the crater where the fighter crouches to the chambers where cabinets ponder strategy, and frequently bungle it.



Yet Moorehead has never been a soldier and is not a professional historian. Like the late Chester Wilmot, who wrote another great book, he is an Australian newspaperman turned British journalist. Wilmot wrote of great events in his day; Moorehead was a shaver when Gallipoli was fought. But, by some magic of his own, he seems to write as eyewitness, having perfectly the feeling of the times and the undertaking. His technical knowledge of fighting operations in 1915 is almost beyond faulting. One might wish that he knew a bit more about the limitations of ship-to-shore fire and that he had given some attention to the problem of the land-based Allied artillery. But to say it is sheer fly-specking. Moorehead's greatest gift is his understanding of troops, their ordeal, genius, and unquenchable spirit. He writes of these things as if he had lived them. May this admirer doff his skimmer and ask: "Boy, how do you do it?"

The high points of the Gallipoli-Dardanelles drama are not altered by this writing. It is the familiar theme—that deathless courage failed of its final reward on that field because those who made policy were alternately timid and blind. First the Navy tried. It almost had the Straits. Turkey reeled in panic. Then two capital ships were lost to mines just as the prize was in reach. Momentarily hearts grew faint. The Navy backed away and did not try again. Soon followed the amphibious thrust against the Gallipoli shore; its nine-month struggle was epic. But the theme—defeat right at the portal of success—remained unchanged. Always the venture was thwarted by dissension within the British War Cabinet. When Lord Fisher was fully committed Kitchener hesitated. When Kitchener blew hot Fisher turned cold. Each was at times counterfoil to the one resolute figure, Winston Churchill, whose political downfall came of his unfaltering faith in the virtue of the strategy. Yes, all of these high notes have been many times sounded, as when Masefield wrote that he thought of Gallipoli "not as a tragedy, nor as a mistake, but as a great human effort, which came, more than once, very near to triumph,



GALLIPOLI: The first land attack on rocky "Gallipoli" peninsula, meant to open up the road to Constantinople and communications with Russia, and to separate Germany from her oriental ally, was made on April 25, 1915, by about 80,000 men in two forces: one group at five beaches around Cape Hellas; the other group (Anzac) a dozen miles up the Aegean coast. Despite their zeal, a ferocious Turkish defense prevented the "Down-Under" troops from exploiting their flanking position. Meanwhile the southern force exhausted itself by a series of frontal assaults on strong Turkish entrenchments. To avoid a stalemate the British commander, Sir Ian Hamilton, then called for help, and on August 6 five new divisions were landed at Suvla Bay, just north of the Anzac beach. Now the crucial phase of the battle began, with the Anzacs attempting to cross the Sari Bair Ridge to the Narrows, and the Suvla Bay force attempting to break out in the same direction. But British tactics were so bad, the command was so incompetent and staff work so primitive, that the Turks were ready for them, and the Allies were nailed down to their landing areas. Here they remained until a terrible blizzard in November convinced London of the futility of the operation, and on December 20 evacuation commenced. The total Allied force consisted of 410,000 Empire troops, 70,000 French; they suffered 252,000 casualties. The Turks, who were splendidly led by Liman von Sanders, a German, and his subordinate Mustapha Kemal—later the "George Washington of Turkey"—lost 218,000. The campaign was one of the worst disasters ever suffered by British arms, and of incalculable historic importance, for the Imperial Russian Government remained cut off from her allies' succor until the Bolsheviks found her a helpless prey three years later.

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achieved the impossible many times, and failed, in the end . . . from something which had nothing to do with arms nor with the men who bear them." That is precisely how Moorehead writes of it.

THERE are two elements which give his work more vitality and greater dimension than others. What was happening on the other side of the hill, to the men who ruled Turkey, to its people and to the forces carrying their fight by sea and along the shoreline, is at all times as visible as the struggle of the expedition. There has been exhaustive search of the enemy sources; their half of the experience is done justice. Moorehead's other excellence is that he is an artist in writing about the human family, individually or in the mass. He understands troop emotions and he writes of man in battle with a sure touch, passionately or with fine restraint, according to the circumstances. Personalities pop right out of his narrative, so true to life that one expects to see them cough, sweat, or strut. And he does it with a few strokes of the pen. Consider this, on von Wagenheim, the German Ambassador: "He was a man at once dangerous, accomplished, and ridiculous: the animal in a tight sheath of manners." And there are these words on Rupert Brooke: "One feels that he was destined to be there, that among all these tens of thousands of young men this was the one who was perfectly fitted to express their exuberance, their secret devotion, their half joy of life and half readiness to die." The quotes are not carefully culled passages; they are an average of Moorehead's inspiration where he writes of men.

In his role as author he is scrupulously the reporter, not the historian unscrewing the inscrutable or the armchair critic weighing and damning strategy with the certitude of hindsight. Moorehead tells what happened in infinite detail, why it happened, and what came of it. He also defines the possible alternatives, whence they were supported and what personal influences or material considerations caused their rejection. And he lets it go at that, blames and shames no one, and uses his gentlest tone when writing of the most tragic blunders, the slackest performances, and the worst lapses through indecision. By this method, he reveals considerably more than the most virulent critic has said of the Gallipoli failure, if not more than he himself fully understands.

Generalship and statesmanship have been taken to task on many counts over this venture. The argument usually develops around strategy, whether the concept itself was not a fantastic diversion away from the main line of decision. The collateral criticism is that once the risk was dared there was no excuse for supporting it piecemeal.

But I have not before seen it adequately documented, beyond requirement of a direct statement, that the Gallipoli army was cheated by the fundamental ignorance of its commanders and planners, from Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton on down. Moorehead does a nice job on the top man. "In the long tradition of British poet-generals Hamilton remains an exception of an extremely elusive kind. One knows everything and nothing about him. Whether one is dealing with the poet or the general at any given point it is almost impossible to tell."

THAT says it—almost. But when one tries to make Gallipoli scan it comes clear that as a tactician Sir Ian wasn't even a good poet; he lacked the essential rhythm. Soldiers under battle stress have definable physical limits. This governing reality went unrecognized by Hamilton and his lieutenants. Invariably they asked more than the best trained troops may give. Their plans broke at the seams right at jump-off because they were sighted on the impossible. Just think of assigning to an army which has to be amphibiously landed against heavy fire first-day objectives which lie six miles inland past high, sharp-backed ridges! For men under full pack that is a day's work when the air is free of danger. And this kind of thing went on and on, with the command never learning its primary lesson. No wonder that invariably by the second day of attack it became impossible to tidy up anything.

It has happened before. It will happen again. Generalship which deludes itself that there is some higher art, some special secret, apart from more intimate, accurate knowledge of troops, is but a leasehold on heartache, disappointment, and failure at the threshold of success.

Should the schools run a staff study on this book, thereby to make indelible its main tactical lesson, it will be enough to make Moorehead's time well spent. However, it would be better to table that motion than to leave here any faint suggestion that this is a book for soldiers rather than for anyone who finds rapture in a tale of supreme courage beautifully told.

How Man Killed

"Men in Arms," by Richard A. Preston, S. F. Wise, and H. O. Werner *(Frederick A. Praeger. 400 pp. $6.50), is a survey of two thousand years of warfare. Our reviewer, Gordon Harrison, is author of several volumes on military operations.*

By Gordon Harrison

WHY MEN fight has always been a central interest of moralists, general historians, and even general readers. How they fight is more often left to the erudite examination of specialists who for the most part have reached only professionals wishing to know how to fight better. In the typical textbook history wars appear as breaks in the narrative of progress. However minutely detailed may be their causes and consequences, when the nation's young men go to battle they march out of the pages of history.

"Men in Arms," by Richard A. Preston, S. F. Wise, and H. O. Werner, marches them back again. Although by no means the first attempt to relate the history of military institutions and operations to social environment, it is an unusually schematic and comprehensive look at warfare through the ages as a social institution shaped by, and in turn shaping, man's moral, political, and economic course.

Instead of pages on the causes of the Peloponnesian War, for instance, one reads here at length about the significance of the phalanx as a unique expression of the needs and limitations of the Greek city-state. In one of the hilliest countries in Europe the Greeks developed a battle array—heavily armed infantrymen fighting shoulder to shoulder—suitable only to flat ground. Greeks could fight that way because the cities were so dependent on a few arable fields that the threat of devastating them could force the defender to battle on the attacker's ground. It was a satisfactory way of fighting (until the final defeat) because it fitted Greek society and its aspirations.

Morale, on which the tight formations depended, was high in citizen armies. Reliance on a single mass formation which prevailed solely by weight and individual courage, not by generalship, was congenial to classless freemen. Honor was conspicuously available and bloodshed was light enough to insure that honor could be sought and enjoyed. And finally there was virtually no alternative because the horses which might

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have made armies mobile could find little forage. When the forces of Macedonia overran the phalanx and with it the Greek city-state a decisive ingredient was cavalry. The cavalry of Philip and Alexander was formed by an elite class and perpetuated that class. It also reestablished generalship by supplying a basis for maneuver. Horses, particularly in combination with a more versatile infantry force, extended the scope of war by adapting armies to any kind of terrain and by permitting the pursuit and destruction of the beaten enemy.

So war on horseback broke out of its Western chrysalis, destroying one civilization, spreading another. But through a series of technical and social developments it would go back to something like its Greek childhood with the medieval knight and then again break free under the impetus of the longbow and citizen levies. If the authors of "Men in Arms" have a thesis—and theses are hard to find or maintain in a two-thousand-year history—it is the regular vacillation between limited and total war ending at last at the atomic brink, when for the first time the choice appears to be between deliberate forbearance among nations and chaos.

The portrait of civilization in arms does not give one much reason to hope. The happiest of man's years, when his wars were relatively infrequent and limited, were times for the most part when he lacked the technical means or social organization to kill more efficiently. On the other hand, of course, our present dilemma has never before been faced. One may, indeed, conclude from the summary of war in the Western world that no more lessons remain to be learned. War as a social institution, the normal expression of political man in his discontent, has finally become obsolete. That obsolescence, however, needs still to be recognized in time.

Military history is not likely to be much help. The impassioned pleas for understanding through knowledge with which "Men in Arms" begins and ends seem actually to have little relevance to the body of the book, which for all its interest is chaste and antiquarian. Perhaps the final irony is that the study of military history, neglected during the centuries when it might have furnished guideposts and warnings for peoples and their leaders, will come into its own only now when its chief usefulness is to fill out the unflattering portrait of our ancestors.

KE AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: The idea or Walter Bedell Smith's lately pub-

(*Continued on page 40*)

PERSONAL HISTORY

Noble Prince on a Dark Road

"The Man Who Lived Twice," by Eric Wollencott Barnes *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 358 pp. $5), is a biography of a successful American playwright who served as an inspiration for many writers and artists during the many years in which he was severely paralyzed. Margaret Webster, the stage director who reviews it here, was one who knew the warmth of his personality.*

By Margaret Webster

EDWARD Sheldon was among the golden youth of the golden age before World War I, the last of the *preux chevaliers*. He had looks, charm, wealth, and enormous zest for life. In 1907, with a Harvard degree *magna cum laude* immediately behind him, his first play was accepted by the great Mrs. Fiske herself. "Salvation Nell" became a smash hit. Half a dozen others followed it, of varying merit but considerable good fortune; Ned lived his brilliant success generously and to the hilt. In 1913 he wrote the fabulous "Romance," which ran, broke records, toured, broke more records, was revived and re-revived in New York, London, Paris, and all over the world. He was then twenty-seven.

Before he had reached his thirty-fifth birthday he was completely paralyzed, stricken by a virulent and (then) incurable form of progressive arthritis. He was never able to move again. Ten years later he became totally blind. He lived for a further fifteen years, threatened towards the end by the imminent loss of speech and hearing. Yet during these twenty-five years he became the listener-extraordinary, consultant-in-chief, and spiritual *accoucheur* to almost all the greatest figures of the American theatre; his influence on its development was tremendous. Much more important, he brought courage, understanding, and a vital creative stimulus into the lives of many hundreds of people. In them and through them he lived, and lives, not twice, but a thousand times.

Edward Sheldon—"victory of the spirit."

The facts are epic, heroically impressive—and very simple. Sheldon himself, a skilled craftsman and acutely constructive critic, would have been the first to point out that the "plotline" is very thin. His victory of the spirit over physical disaster does not result in a "story." Here is no Helen Keller, active and indomitable over the whole world; no legless Douglas Bader, flying his plane into battle at the head of the splendid young men. Here was a "sculptured Crusader," lying "like a living corpse on his catafalque"; he talked to the unseen visitors who sat beside him; he dictated letters and telegrams; above all, he listened. Eric Wollencott Barnes's book "The Man Who Lived Twice" is full of excerpts from what he said; it is full of the tributes of those to whom he wrote and spoke. As a memorial it is admirably comprehensive; as literary biography it does not escape the sedative properties of reiteration.

Many famous people step onto these pages from the penthouse apartment on 84th Street. Scarcely a great name in the American theatre is missing. There are English actors and writers too, celebrated doctors and scientists and poets and statesmen. Pictures of some of Sheldon's friends emerge vividly, revealed in a fresh light because of what he discerned in them. John Barrymore and Mrs. Pat Campbell cry out to him, Alec Woollcott laughs with him; there is a tiny, tragic, glimpse of Emily Stevens; and always the haunting, elusive ghost of Doris Kean. All of them loved and honored Ned. But the pattern involves the perils of repetition.

FOR all Mr. Barnes's fidelity there remain two unknown factors to which Sheldon alone held the key. Why was the writer so much lesser than the

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man? His early plays reflect the puppy-idealism and the naive love of theatrical cliché of the college boy. "Romance" is a superb tear-jerker, very much of its period and closely derivative from "Camille." Mr. Barnes dismisses "Camille" as a creaking old vehicle, which defied even Sheldon's efforts to readapt it. Nevertheless, it seems certain that Dumas, who threw in a death scene for good measure, will outlast Sheldon, even without Verdi's assistance. But what is—or seems nowadays—too sentimental to be said may still be turned into a musical; "Romance" in this form might continue indefinitely to "raise the waters."

HIS later plays, written in collaboration after he was paralyzed, do not change the formula. "Lulu Belle" and "Dishonored Lady" are still the successful, well-made play. They are curiously full of violence and theatrical "sex." His mother asks poignantly a puzzling question: "Why," she wrote, "do you put between yourself and the world (the needful world) these strange barriers . . . they are never you. . . . Those of us who love you the most disinterestedly feel and know that there are plays within you of a sincerity and loftiness you have hitherto only touched upon, because your soul is great."

But he never wrote them. Nor did he leave, in word or writing, any guide to the dark road his spirit must have traveled. He never spoke of his illness. There was no "I" in his vocabulary. He studied all the organized religions but belonged to none of them. The strength which was in him, and which he radiated always, was a love of human beings and a veneration for the holy gift of life. He was once told of a friend who had suffered such terrible injuries in a motor accident that he longed for death. "Sheldon cried out almost angrily, 'But my God, the man is ALIVE, isn't he? That's all that matters!' "

His own need was to give; and the quality of what he gave is amply demonstrated in this book. Perhaps the most remarkable tribute comes from a child who was taken to visit him for the first time. The boy was a little frightened at being left alone with the still, masked figure on the high bed. Then Ned began to talk. Presently the child's mother came to fetch him. On the way home he gave a glowing account of the visit. Suddenly he broke off to exclaim: "But, Mother, you never told me he was a noble prince!"

Islanders

By Richard Emil Braun

THE natives here enjoy a delicate
and tense society.
Their upper classes make an art
of conversation

so refined that no Caucasian ever
participates without
making at least one outrageous
faux pas.

Few Europeans, in fact, can manage
even the rudiments
of this language, which consists
of vowels only,

and, although several grammars have been composed
by reputable scholars,
these disagree on every major
point of syntax.

The chieftains are invariably stout:
a proverb says "Fat men must
be sure; doubt and misgivings need
agility."

The special term for this is rendered as
"complacency" in all
the lexicons, but is in no wise
derogatory.

Life-in-Death Poet

"Jean Cocteau," by Margaret Crosland *(Alfred A. Knopf. 238 pp. $5), is a biography of one of the most influential French novelists, playwrights, and poets of our time.*

By Evelyn Eaton

SOME men's names—Churchill, Einstein, Sartre—evoke empires, eras, movements. Jean Cocteau, for many of his contemporaries, evokes a subtle, pervasive, vital condition of being, reached and re-created at continuous high cost—*la difficulté d'être,*" as he has described it. Cocteau renews, for himself and for other artists, especially those preoccupied with the visual arts, the essential "life" of the creative life, that concentrated other-world oxygen the creative artist must find in the atmosphere about him, must breathe freely, if he is to quicken the work it is his duty to undertake and, having undertaken, to carry to its conclusion "at the extremity of himself."

For Cocteau there is no separation between himself and his work; he *is* his work. In spite of the legend which has mushroomed around him and which he has tried, especially in the recent years of his retirement to Santo Sospir, to refute, he has taken his work and his life with serious respect, as the work and the life of a great perceptive poet, who is also playwright, novelist, choreographer, painter, film director, should be taken.

So many-sided a manifestation of the arts has been particularly misunderstood in this age of specialization. "Morbid" is a favorite adjective of the pigeonholers, yet it should be obvious that Cocteau's preoccupation with death as a subject in many of his works ("Le Sang du Poète," "Bacchus," "Orphée," etc.) is the outcome of his passionate commitment to life, and his hypersensitive response to the shadowy-regions between the two, which are now beginning to be explored and taken into account by others, even the scientists. Cocteau in this, as in everything, has been ahead of his time, "like the radar instrument, recording events which can only be felt by an intangible process."

"Cocteau," Margaret Crosland observes in her fascinating study of the *enfant terrible,* the *monstre sacré,* and the genius,

> believes that events of poetic importance take place, not in the outside world, but in the world which exists within him, . . . the

(*Continued on page* 26)

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Was Stalin a Spy?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Last week Professor Michael T. Florinsky of Columbia University reviewed "Stalin's Great Secret," by Isaac Don Levine. The central thesis of the book was that the Soviet leader at one time had been a spy in the employ of the Czarist regime. Mr. Florinsky questioned this thesis. Mr. Levine seeks to reinforce his argument in the following rebuttal.*

By ISAAC DON LEVINE

THERE is no darker field in the realm of biography in modern history than that of the life of Stalin. Among all the dominant figures of our times none is comparable to him in the paucity of autobiographical material, of personal recollections and intimate correspondence, and in the wealth of suppressed or falsified records. No wonder one of the best historians of the birth of the Soviet dictatorship, Bertram Wolfe, in his "Three Who Made a Revolution," exclaims in despair: "Strange fact; in none of Stalin's biographies does he come to life!" As one who in 1931 published the first biography of Stalin I found Wolfe's searching passage on the secretiveness, obscurities, and contradictions enveloping Stalin's career worth quoting in the concluding chapter of my "Stalin's Great Secret." To the student of Soviet history the life of Stalin still remains a challenging enigma and an almost virgin field for inquiry and controversy.

One of the key contradictions in the iconography of Stalin is the crux of "Stalin's Great Secret," at which Professor Florinsky must have barely glanced, for otherwise he would not have centered his attention on the single chapter, which appeared in *Life*, dealing with the document supporting my thesis.

The literary cornerstone of the "cult of personality"—the worship of Stalin—throughout the Communist world has been Lavrenti Beria's book "On the History of the Bolshevik Organizations in Transcaucasia," published in 1935, which went through nine enormous editions in the Soviet Union and innumerable foreign printings. In its famous chronology Beria listed, as evidence of Czarist persecution and of Stalin's revolutionary heroism, six arrests, six banishments, and five escapes.

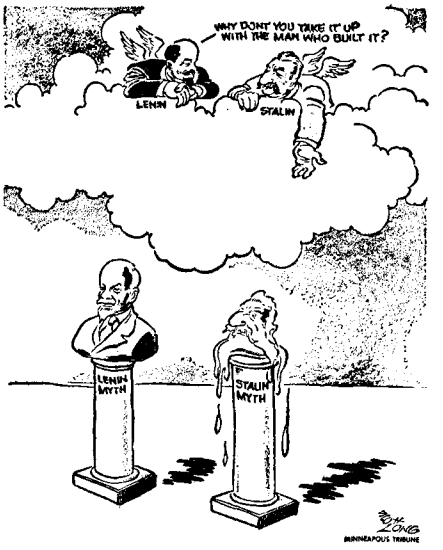
Now the same Beria, in an anthology on Stalin published on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday on December 21, 1939, ascribed to his hero eight arrests, seven banishments, and six escapes.

Here was a contradiction which offered a clue to the mystery of Stalin's relations with the Okhrana—a subject of speculation for many years. Nowhere in all the writings on Stalin is there any record of his additional arrests and escape from Czarist hands, except in Trotsky's exhaustive "Stalin," which notes the arrest and immediate escape of Stalin in connection with a raid on the underground Avlabar printing press in Tiflis on April 15, 1906, and in the Okhrana document, published by me, which states that Stalin upon his arrest in 1906 had turned police informer.

This was really the beginning of an exciting hunt, recounted in my book, for evidence of Stalin's long-rumored service in the Okhrana. I was struck by the attitude of Peter Kropotkin when he sat in the revolutionary court of honor which tried Aseff, history's most notorious *agent provocateur*. "Kropotkin, who had had great experience with *agents provocateurs* among the French anarchists of the Eighties and Nineties," relates Boris Nicolaevsky in his biography "Aseff," "remembered that history knew no case of suspicions roused in different circles and spread over a number of years against any definite person not being justified in the end."

PROFESSOR FLORINSKY suggests that my mistrust a quarter of a century ago of the charges that Stalin had been an Okhrana agent was "judicious and sound." But he omits any reference to the reasons for my changed attitude given in the book:

> That was before his [Stalin's] man-made famine in which millions were sacrificed in the collectivization campaign, before the baffling murders of his closest comrades, mentors, and disciples, before the Great Purge with the mass executions of Marshal Tukhachevsky and the other Red Army chiefs, before the series of staged trials in which the Leninist Old Guard groveled and flagellated themselves for the slenderest hope of mercy, and before Stalin's world-shaking pact with Hitler which ushered in World War II.



"Wonder Who the Sculptor Was?"

> Only an immense sense of guilt and a haunting fear of discovery could account for Stalin's fantastic pattern of conduct during the Thirties and give a semblance of credence to the extraordinary charge against him.

As for Colonel Russyanov, "about whom nothing seems to be known," may I refer Professor Florinsky of Columbia University to his neighbor across the street, the aforementioned Boris Nicolaevsky, who in the middle of March 1917, upon the overthrow of the Czar, as chairman of the Committee of Public Safety at Yeniseisk, Siberia, signed the order of arrest for Colonel Russyanov. Incidentally, the colonel's son is living in Australia, and I have taken steps to communicate with him.

But if Professor Florinsky knew nothing of Colonel Russyanov he surely knew well the original American purveyors of the Okhrana document, the aviator Boris Sergievsky, Vadim Makaroff, and the late ex-ambassador of the Kerensky Provisional Government, Boris Bakhmeteff, who for years tried in vain to publish the document.

It is a pity that Professor Florinsky did not offer his own explanation for the Kremlin's campaign of defaming Stalin when it could have confined itself merely to a critique and revision of his doctrines. For as the author of "World Revolution and the U.S.S.R." (Macmillan, 1933) Professor Florinsky established his authority as an oracle on the vagaries of Soviet behavior when he avowed that the Stalin regime, "far from trying to foment revolution," regarded "the growth of the revolutionary movement in Europe with real anxiety" and abjured all aggressive designs in its quest for cooperation with the capitalist world.

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An Exciting Time to Be Alive

IF YOU had the entire range of history to choose from what period would you choose in which to live? What age of man would you consider most satisfying or exciting?

The late Irwin Edman once suggested that the end of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth century was an ideal period for a reasonable man; and Professor Edman placed a high value indeed on reasonable men. Professor Edman liked the spaciousness and graciousness of the period. Democratic government existed throughout most of Western civilization. People were not being pushed around in large numbers by dictators. Machines at that time were still things that human beings could control. A man had time to think and read. Discussion was one of the lively arts. The life of the mind really came to something. And, most important of all, it seemed to the reasonable men of the period that the mutual mass slaughter that went by the name of war was a thing of the long ago.

The late Carl Becker, one of the most sensitive and worldly of American historians, had a proper appreciation of the period from 1880 to 1910, but his imagination was captured by the men and the events of a century earlier. What happened in Europe and America through most of the eighteenth century, especially during the later half, was to him as glorious and rich an age as the world had ever known. For it was in that period that human intelligence made its great conquests—not conquests in invention but in human affairs. Ideas about the natural rights of man were being connected up to free will. People were discovering that they could fashion their own destiny and that the state could exist as the principal means of serving the individual. It was an Age of Reason; it was also an Age of Action. Professor Becker liked to call it the "heavenly city of the eighteenth-century philosophers "because it really seemed at the time that thoughtfulness, decency, and nobility of spirit would be dominant in the affairs of man.

The historians of ancient Greece would be certain to put in a claim for the Golden Age in the fifth century before Christ. Men like Gilbert Murray or A. E. Zimmern or F. M. Cornford or C. A. Robinson, Jr. would probably call attention to the fact that never before or since has there been such a concentration of the creative intelligence at work as existed in Athens at its zenith. They would point to the Periclean Era as something of an adventure in human awareness. The probing, searching, artistic spirit was at work. It was an age thirsty for knowledge and achievement. The scientific spirit and method came alive, whether with respect to government, mathematics, geometry, astronomy, physics, or logic itself. Equally significant was the sense of beauty and the attention to beauty in the art and architecture and in the lives of the people.

An historian and speculative thinker such as H. G. Wells would probably have said that we ought to enlarge our view. Judging from his books, he might have nominated the T'ang Dynasty in China, seventh to ninth centuries A. D. He might have pointed to the art of living, to the freedom men enjoyed from the need to possess things, to the stability of individua life, to the advanced development o architecture and painting and poetry and the the existence of printing lon before the West thought of it. O Wells, like Emerson and Ruskin, migh have held up any one of a hal dozen or more periods in the histor of India as candidates for the mos satisfying time to be alive. In partic ular the Gupta Age during the fourt and fifth Centuries A. D. This wa the age of the Golden Peace whe India, secure from invasion and in ternal conflict, ascended the height Government was enlightened; th land was good and rich; there wer monumental achievements in science music, literature, painting.

ALL these are noble and inspirin periods of human history. As for our selves, we choose the present. Th danger to human mind and flesh ma never have been greater. The mean for cheapening life and brutalizing i may never have been so highly devel oped, so easy to use. There may neve have been so many distractions an trivia to assault the mind, to pull i in so many petty directions. Nor ha there ever been an age in which s many men gave so little thought to th vital things that concerned thei destiny.

Despite it all, despite the hydroge bombs and the intercontinental bal listic missiles and the fumbling of th statesmen while the fuses of nuclea war are spluttering, just think of wha we win if we win. No other age i history has had the same potentia About no earlier period in histor could it be said that the earth could b made sufficient for the needs of all it people. The conquest of disease an poverty is clearly within reach. Hun ger and thirst can be made technol ogically obsolete; the control of sola energy for utilizing photosynthesis i a specific and attainable prospect. Ma has the potential sources of energy tha can give him time to fulfil himsel and develop his creative resources o a scale and with an intensity that hav never before been possible.

We need not be prisoners of drif There is no law in history that say that men cannot reverse their direc tion and drive boldly forward for th things that are good and that can b theirs. Nothing is more characteristi of history than the suddenness of it shifts when enough men becom aware of a large purpose. The devel opment of an awareness of that pur pose is the golden opportunity for al those who attach importance to huma life and who are willing now to ac cept the claim upon us of the genera tions to come. It's an exciting time t be alive. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IN DEFENSE OF THE *SPRAY*

BEFORE SUBMITTING his review of Walter Teller's "The Search for Captain Slocum" [*SR* Aug. 11] Robert Payne ought to have checked his facts and his attitudes by consulting Captain Slocum's own book, "Sailing Alone Around the World."

Mr. Payne calls the *Spray* "homemade . . . a little tub . . . weatherbeaten . . . evil-smelling and singularly difficult for anyone else except her captain to manage." True, the *Spray* was little, but she was hardly a tub. Slocum built the boat himself, with hands forty years familiar with tools; he began with a rotting hulk in a Fairhaven pasture and rebuilt it plank for plank and frame for frame out of stout new oak and Georgia pine. He says, "The much-esteemed stempiece was from the butt of the smartest kind of a pasture oak. It afterward split a coral patch in two at the Keeling Islands, and did not receive a blemish." The *Spray* was no nice-ended mahogany yacht with a guyed radio tower for a mast, fit only for Sunday afternoon crinoline parties on Long Island Sound. She was a heavy, stable vessel, made to go around the world. Captain Slocum says, "But see the run the *Spray* made from Thursday Island to the Keeling Cocos Islands, 2,700 miles distant, in twenty-three days, with no one at the helm in that time save for about one hour, from land to land. No other ship in the history of the world ever performed, under similar circumstances, the feat on so long and continuous a voyage." I believe none ever has since either. This was an unmanageable tub?

Mr. Payne calls Captain Joshua Slocum "a crusty-tempered, hard-hitting, and secretive old fogey," a near-illiterate, and says of his book that it fills the reader with "uneasiness" because of a "strange streak of sullenness and anger" in Slocum, "always something curiously rotten, something which has gone to seed" (*sic!*).

Here speaks Arthur Ransome, who wrote the Introduction for the 1948 Mariners Library edition of "Sailing Alone Around the World": "He was a master mariner accustomed for many years to the keeping of a log and to an exact use of words . . . . The *Spray* carried her library with her and sailed herself for thousands of miles while Captain Slocum sat reading in her cabin . . . . His phrases stick in the mind. When a whale scratches its enormous back on the keel of his tiny boat, he quietly notes that 'for broad rippling humor, the whale has no equal.' After escaping from horrible danger among breakers, he observes that 'any weather that one's craft can live in, after escaping from a lee shore, is pleasant weather . . . though some may be pleasanter than other'."

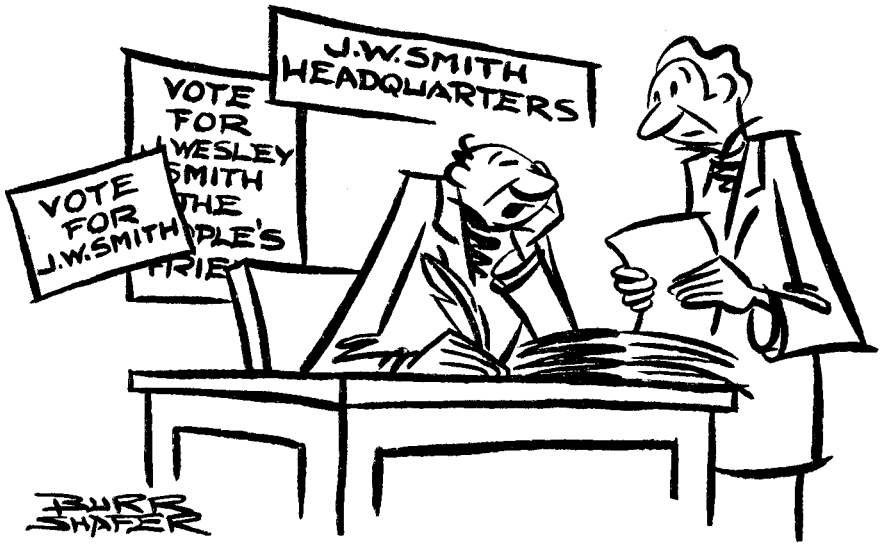
Arthur Ransome goes on: "But the virtue of his book does not lie in his occasional memorable phrases. It is in the man himself, confident, serene, modest, and blessed with the most infectious of all gifts, an immense power of enjoyment. He makes no fuss about anything but relishes each moment as it comes and shares his gusto with the reader."

Does this sound like the illiterate misanthrope described by Mr. Payne (or was it Mr. Teller's idea)?

I much doubt that Slocum's chief reason for sailing alone around the world was "a desire to get away from the human race." More likely, it was a man's desire to stay beyond reach of niggling biographers and slipshod critics.

JOSEPH WHITEHILL.

Trappe, Md.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I could dig up some hot stuff from his past if I were sure he wouldn't retaliate."

RODELL VS. FRANKFURTER

IT WAS AN ERROR of judgment for you to ask that Mr. Justice Frankfurter's book be reviewed by Fred Rodell (*SR* Sept. 1), particularly when Rodell's writings have indicated such hostility toward the Justice. It was an error of taste for you to print the nonsense which Rodell submitted to you in the guise of a supposedly humorous book review. And it was an error of conscience for you to add to Rodell's handiwork an indulgent introductory endorsement of your own.

This departure from your customary high standards perhaps only goes to prove that *SR* has now earned the right to say, in the words of one of the great public figures of our times, that when you do make a mistake "it's a beaut."

BENNETT BOSKEY.

Washington, D. C.

CABBAGES

RODELL'S travesty of Justice Frankfurter's writing is as the cabbage to the chrysanthemum.

HERBERT FEIS.

York, Me.

LEXICONITIS

RODELL'S review of Justice Frankfurter's book sent me to the dictionary 148 times by actual count. It is the greatest assemblage of egghead guff I have ever seen. Three rousing cheers for Mr. Rodell.

CHARLES GRANT.

Evanston, Ill.

MARSHAL KESSELRING DISGORGED

LAURA Z. HOBSON'S piece (*SR* Sept. 1) on the current state of German literature was not entirely accurate. "The Invisible Flag," by Peter Bamm, who served as a medical officer on the Russian front, does repeatedly what she says no German book has done: describes with dismay and indignation the Nazi atrocities. Then there is "Der SS Staat," by Eugen Kogon, who spent seven years in Buchenwald and wrote about it vividly to the last detail. It was published here as "The Theory and Practice of Hell," but was not successful.

Unfortunately, it was not long ago that *SR* devoted a long and fatuous, not to say fatheaded, review to the worst war book out of Germany: "A Soldier's Story," by Field Marshal Kesselring, one of the most despicable characters the *Wehrmacht* produced, which is saying something. Kesselring was in command of the squadrons which bombed neutral Rotterdam; he was convicted by a British court-martial of slaughtering hostage women and children in Italy; his book was a farrago of distortions, conceit, and Nazi apologetics. Yet *SR* treated him, and his book, favorably.

To swallow a Kesselring, while gagging at a Bamm, is moral and literary lunacy.

RICHARD HANSER.

Larchmont, N. Y.

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—Culver.

"... the lot of the slave depended much upon the disposition of his master."

New Look at the Old South

"The Peculiar Institution," by Kenneth Stampp *(Alfred A. Knopf. 430 pp. $5.75), is a reexamination of the economic and moral aspects of Negro slavery in the South. Clement Eaton, who reviews it here, is professor of history at the University of Kentucky and author of "History of the Old South" and other books.*

By Clement Eaton

WHEN economic interest and a sense of the dignity of man conflict in a society which is usually the winner? In "The Peculiar Institution" Kenneth Stampp studies a classic example that poses this question, Southern slavery, and his answer is unequivocal—economic interest. It was the profitability of slavery that made Southern society hold tenaciously to the peculiar institution in a world that had outgrown and repudiated it. "Discounting the myths," he writes, "there is ample evidence that the average slaveholder earned a reasonably satisfactory return upon his investment in slaves." Such a view, ably presented, contradicts the conclusions of two of the most distinguished Southern historians, Ulrich B. Phillips and Charles S. Sydnor, who held that in the nineteenth century slavery was not a profitable institution for most planters. If Professor Stampp's analysis is correct it would appear that slavery could hardly have been abolished without a civil war.

The theme that persistently recurs in "The Peculiar Institution" is the great violation of the dignity of man which slavery perpetrated on Negroes in the South. The evidence presented is overwhelming. Professor Stampp's language is restrained and scholarly, but one feels that this Wisconsin liberal regards slavery as the greatest evil the American nation has ever suffered. He must command the respect of scholars for his conscientious and capable study of the large mass of primary sources upon which his study is based and for his critical ability in probing and dissecting the great evil of Southern society. His somber work is relieved at times with irony and with occasional glimpses of human nobility and kindness.

ONE by one he demolishes the myths that cluster about the romantic interpretation of slavery and the Southern apology. He starts from the premise of "the basic irrelevance of race." He shows that there was no justification for enslaving Negroes in the South because of the hot climate or the supposition that Negroes were immune from the diseases which made work on the plantations of the lower South so hazardous. Actually the slaves suffered severely from malaria, hookworm, yellow fever, and cholera. The author discards the idea that paternalism or public opinion furnished much protection from cruelty for most of the slaves. He maintains that the overwhelming majority of the slaves were not contented with bondage but longed for freedom. Masters who were willing to emancipate their slaves were exceedingly few. Despite the fact that bondsmen were "troublesome property" and that many slaves made the lives of their masters miserable by their efforts to sabotage slavery especially by passive resistance, the masters clung to their human property. In general, he maintains, Negroes were overworked on the plantations, poorly clad, inadequately housed, and received the minimum of medical care. Whenever economic interest clashed with human rights, notably in the breakup of families through the slave trade, human rights were usually sacrificed. Instead of plantation slavery serving as a school in Christianity and the rudiments of civilization, as Phillips maintained, Professor Stampp holds that Southern slavery "merely took away from the African his native culture and gave him in exchange little more than vocational training."

There was another side to Southern slavery. Professor Stampp is aware of this fact, and he qualifies many of his conclusions, noting particularly that the lot of the slave depended much upon the disposition of his master. Even in the middle of the twentieth century, however, it is hard to be objective about "the peculiar institution," for we are now fighting a battle for the recognition of the full rights of the Negro. It is difficult for a historian to refrain from being a moralist in passing judgments on the "sins" of a bygone generation. Yet it is the true function of the historian to have the imagination to transport himself into the era that he seeks to understand and not judge it by the standards of a later age. I feel that Professor Stampp is too harsh in his condemnation of Southern slavery, but I differ from him only in degree, for slavery was not the romantic thing that Southern apologists have represented it to be. In the Southern collections and in California, the state where he teaches, Professor Stampp could have found much source material that throws a kindlier light on the Southern slaveholders than his volume presents. Such material is to be found at the Huntington Library, in a set of letters from Virginia masters to Lewis Hill, a slave-hiring broker of Richmond, which show a sincere spirit of paternalism. Despite its severity of judgments "The Peculiar Institution" is a significant book, an able effort to present Southern slavery realistically and in the modern liberal tradition.

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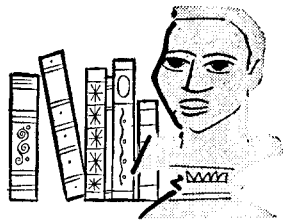
Our Debt to the Negro



"The Negro in American Culture," by Margaret Just Butcher *(Alfred A. Knopf. 294 pp. $4.50), based upon materials originally collected by Alain Locke, traces the folk and formal contributions of the American Negro to American culture. Our reviewer, Rayford W. Logan, is author of "The Negro and the Postwar World."*

By Rayford W. Logan

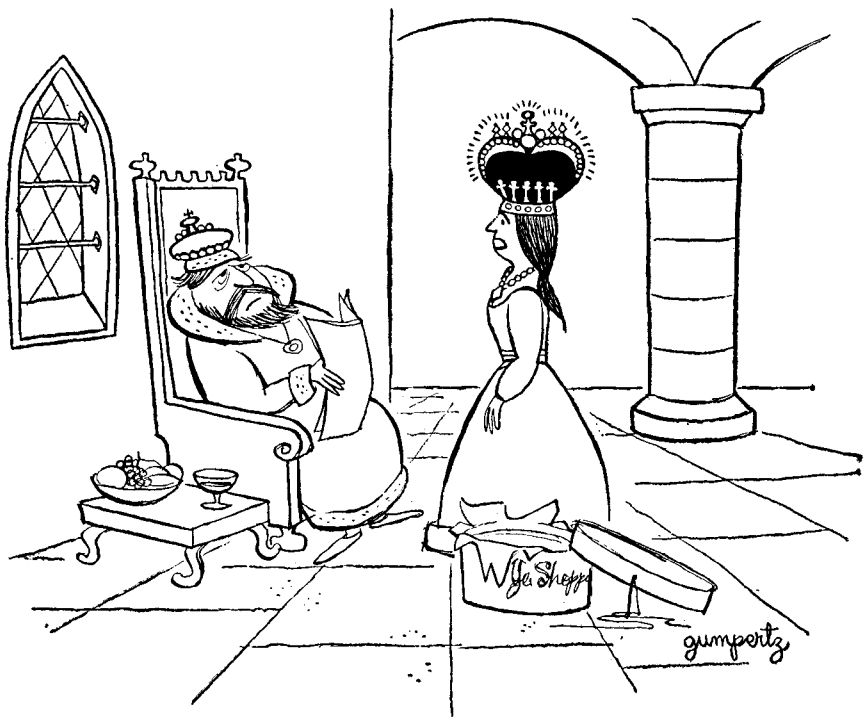
ALAIN LOCKE, the only Negro-American Rhodes Scholar (1907-1910), wrote his doctoral dissertation at Harvard in 1918, on "The Problems of Classification in Theory of Value." Except for visiting lectureships he taught philosophy at Howard University from 1912 and served as head of the department from 1917 to his retirement in 1953. But predilection and sensitivity to discrimination against Negroes diverted his major concern during more than forty years to the Negro in American culture, to race and culture contacts. His best-known work, "The New Negro: An Interpretation" (1925), a symposium which he edited and to which he contributed two articles, is a classic of the "Negro Renaissance."

During several years prior to his death in 1954 Locke collected voluminous materials for a *magnum opus*. Realizing that he would not be able to complete it he asked Dr. Margaret Just Butcher, associate professor of English at Howard University, to edit and bring up to date these voluminous materials. Her devotion to him, her precise knowledge of his aims, and her own competence in fiction, poetry, and drama have notably achieved the goal of tracing "in historical sequence—but topical fashion—both the folk and the formal contributions of the American Negro to American culture." The verve of her style makes "The Negro in American Culture" a fascinating book.

Although the historical analysis strikes me as being sound, on the whole I am disinclined to accept the statement that there has been a "slow, consistently steady rise of the Negro's status since emancipation in 1863." Especially from 1877 to the turn of the century and to some degree since then the "slow, tortuous journey" has followed a zig-zag course. Nor do I go as far as does the author in accepting the thesis of "the great cultural divide between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin cultures in the matter of race relations." In Latin America economic rather than Jim-Crow laws continue to keep most Negroes at the bottom of the social, political, and cultural ladder. "The Negro in American Culture" is itself an adequate rejoinder to the "cultural divide" thesis until a comparable comprehensive volume analyzes the contributions of Latin American Negroes to Latin American culture.

The folk contributions of American Negroes have been more significant until recently than the formal; moreover, "American culture is most indebted, above all other folk sources, to this lowly but distinctive level of Negro peasant experiences." This is true probably because Negroes are the only Americans who drew upon the rich folk life of their original home, enforced immigration, the horrors of the Middle Passage, and slavery, which at best meant a paternalistic condescension. Black-face minstrelsy, which grew out of plantation jigging, dancing, and singing, has largely disappeared. Spirituals and work songs have an honored place on the programs of world-renowned singers and in private collections and the Library of Congress. But Professor Sterling Brown of Howard University has correctly observed that "Uncle Remus," the narrator of Joel Chandler Harris's folk tales, is "a walking apologist for slavery."

LESS well known are the Negro poets, writers, and orators of the slave period who struck sometimes mighty blows for freedom. When Negroes seemed resigned at the close of the century to what is today called second-class citizenship Will Marion Cook, John Isham, W. C. Handy, Madame Sissieretta Jones, and others startled Broadway with a new brand of "Negro" music, the forerunner of ragtime and of jazz. Henry O. Tanner's "Resurrection of Lazarus" was a sensation in Paris; other Negroes would follow in his footsteps by gaining recognition abroad before being acknowledged in their native land. In 1903 W. E. B. Du Bois wrote "The Souls of Black Folk," the classic literary call to arms of "The Talented Tenth." Some of them—Countee Cullen, Claude McKay, Jean Toomer, and



"You don't like it—I can tell!"

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Langston Hughes—answered the call during the "Negro Renaissance." Today a host of established poets, writers, and artists are judged not as "exceptional" Negroes but as Americans. This is what Locke above all strove for and this is what Mrs. Butcher has convincingly narrated.

CIVIL WAR GUERRILLAS: "He made his name a Cain's mark. . . . Because of him widows wailed, orphans cried, maidens wept, as they lifted the lifeless forms of loved ones from bloody fields and bore them reeking to untimely graves." This passage concludes the first chapter and sets the tone of William Elsey Connelley's **"Quantrill and the Border Wars"** (Pageant, $7.50). The book, first published in 1910 and now offered again to "*aficionados* of Civil War history," describes in sensational detail the exploits both real and legendary of William Clarke Quantrill, the guerrilla chieftain who fought for the Confederacy in Kansas and Missouri.

As history Connelley's narrative belongs to a bygone school of theatrical antiquarianism, and the oldtime flavor is borne out in the book's format, with its footnotes that crowd out the text and its inset pen-and-ink drawings, including three "Bones of Quantrill's Right Arm now in Collection of Author." Homer Croy, in a rather extravagant introduction to the book, characterizes it as crime history. The reader who accepts it on this basis may find its crackle of Sharp's rifles a welcome change from the roar of sawed-off shotguns. —HAL BRIDGES.

CONSTITUTIONAL FREEDOM VS. NATIONAL SECURITY: The efforts of the Federalist Party in 1798-1800 to suppress all criticism of John Adams's Administration by the Jefferson Republicans is given detailed, scholarly examination in James Morton Smith's **"Freedom's Fetters: The Alien and Sedition Laws and American Civil Liberties"** (Cornell University Press, $5). The nation at the time was embroiled in a half-war with France, and the Federalist excuse for violating the Constitutional freedoms of speech and press was national security. The modern parallels, which the author tries not to belabor, are obvious; then as now American citizens fell victim to faceless informers and presumptive guilt. John Marshall, the only Federalist who in any way opposed the Sedition Law, criticized it not as unconstitutional but as unwise. Nor did Hamilton, contrary to what numerous biographers have written, disapprove of the Federalist measures; rather, he "became a leading advocate of their enforcement." In the end the Federalists failed to silence criticism, and the American people in electing Jefferson President in 1800 voted against repression. Yet, one might ask, how well do modern Americans know this lesson of the past, since so many in recent years have seemed willing once more to subordinate Constitutional freedoms to national security.

—H. B.

THE AMERICAN DREAM: Six lectures which explore the popular views that successive generations of Americans, from the eighteenth to the twentieth century, have held in regard to the motives and guiding principles of the founders of the thirteen colonies and the leaders of the American Revolution are collected in **"The Legend of the Founding Fathers,"** by Professor Wesley Frank Craven (New York University Press, $4.50). Abandoning the main traveled roads of the national historians for the leisurely sidepaths of local history and patriotic literature, the author traces a legend that has been ever changing yet in its essentials remarkably enduring, even under the onslaughts of debunking historians of the 1920s. And what is the legend? In simplest terms it is the American dream of men who sought freedom under God in a new land that was destined to be a light to the world. With how closely the dream conforms to reality Professor Craven is not much concerned. He is content to seek out what Americans have believed, without trying to correct them. —H. B.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 691

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 691 will be found in the next issue

ZY XWXXRV AB BY

AOAEVBDVZN YO URYCNB

RYZTVO NFCZ NFCN XRYMZ

XK NFV BWDDVBBUWR

NVCDFVO.

—BAO MARRACQ YBRVO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 690

Doubt is brother-devil to Despair.

—JOHN O'REILLY.

Personal History

Continued from page 18

link between life and death. The poet has no jurisdiction over this region and his only responsibility is to explore it . . . It means going down into myself, into my night . . . it means taking the poetic state by surprise.

The core of his creed is renewa and "one cannot renew oneself without living dangerously and attracting slander." He also believes in surprise danger, liberty, and the value o poetry for its own sake. "Poetry, *le luxe spirituel* . . . the only thing ir the world that makes existence worthwhile in a materialistic age . . . the richest life of the spirit."

The pages of Miss Crosland's carefully documented, shrewd, understanding biography are filled with the names of famous men and women ir their relation to each phase of Cocteau's work: Satie, Picasso, the Six—there are too many to begin to mention them all here. Yet to the reader who knows his work only in part, has seen perhaps, "La Belle et la Bête" but has not read "Le Potomak" or "Le Grand Ecart," a discussion of the value of his work as a whole is more to the point than a list of personalities, however glittering. The ballet was the predominant influence in his life which is why he refers to himself as a choreographer. "The impact of his work is theatrical and its buoyancy grace, and fluidity are perpetually close to dancing."

It was Diaghilev who in 1911 first made Cocteau, up to then a precocious and popular but slightly brash young man, begin to discover himself, with the famous dictum *"Etonne-moi."* Cocteau took the injunction for a devise, and has astonished his world ever since, "running faster than beauty," never doing the same thing twice, in "an unending, compelling, closely disciplined dance." Miss Crosland shifts her metaphors to predict that "during the next fifty years his reputation will have the ups and downs of a roller coaster and the sharp turns of a *corniche* road."

One thing is sure: No dancing partner or sharer of the ride—including his fellow members of the Académie Française, into which he was inducted last year after a campaign delighting all Paris — is likely to find himself bored. In an age when individualism becomes rarer every day, even in France, Cocteau, the creative artist, "must expect to be noticed." Miss Crosland's excellent and sympathetic biography serves as a good introduction to anyone who may have overlooked him.

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Fiction

Continued from page 14

Australian "pioneers" are building a beef empire. Julie Kirkbride, a city girl, came to Kootapatamba as the wife of Tad Kirkbride, the second son of the near-fabulous Thaddeus Kirkbride. Julie didn't like Kootapatamba very much. When it was wet the leather grew moldy, the nerves got tight, and stronger minds than Julie's slipped their moorings from the loneliness engendered by a million acres covered with nothing more exciting than ant hills, boab trees, dingoes, and "black fellers." Justin Bayard, a provincial policeman, blunders into Kootapatamba with his prisoner, Emu Foot, on a dog leash. They have been ambushed by Kapundas, a native tribe out to exact "black" justice on Emu Foot. Bayard soon finds that he is a nuisance to everyone—to the white people who don't like "coppers," to the Kapundas who are out to polish off Emu Foot, and to the natives who resent his holding Emu Foot prisoner. But Justin Bayard, a weary and stubborn man, remains a cop and does his best to do his duty. He manages, however, to fall in love, to lose Emu Foot, and to inherit a third share in Kootapatamba before he's done.

Mr. Cleary has brewed a familiar stew, tossing in the required vegetables, adding a pinch of salted sex, the necessary soupçon of race attitudes. There is even a comic Chinese cook named Sammy. Mr. Cleary may live in Australia, but he's got his typewriter sights lined up on Hollywood. —DAVID KARP.

ENTENTE CORDIALE: Three generations of Deschamps, thrifty peasant farmers of France, and three generations of Treleavens, sturdy middle-class small shopkeepers across the Channel, are the leading characters in F. T. Giles's **"A Rose for Marianne"** (Little, Brown, $3.75), which spans 100 years and three wars. When third-generation John Treleaven and Marie Thérèse Deschamps fell in love and married the event united two families, national counterparts of one another but with a total lack of mutual understanding, respect, or sympathy. To the Deschamps, whose men in each generation had fallen in wars with Germany, the English were a cold, materialistic, incomprehensible people who refused to recognize in the Boche a common enemy; reluctant allies whose help to France had always been little and late; who, smug on their island, would not understand what it meant to live side by side to a ruthless nation which periodically sprang at one's throat. The

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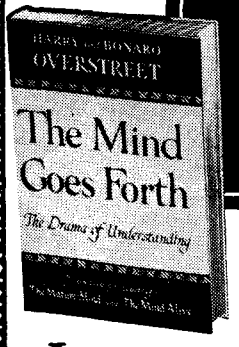

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Treleavens, on their part, worthy and solid in self-esteem, considered the French a light-minded and irresponsible folk, temperamental, emotional and quite undependable.

The author, who, the biographical note informs us, is an Englishman married to a French wife, does his best, in his jam-packed album of the two families, their relatives, friends, fortunes and misfortunes, to present, illuminate, and contrast these national viewpoints and characteristics. His intention is admirable, and the essential drama of his material impressive, but artistically and stylistically "A Rose for Marianne" lacks much distinction. —SARA HENDERSON HAY.

MORE FROM BARSETSHIRE: Having declined until now to join what her publishers call "the Thirkell Circle" I can only assume that the numerous characters met in Angela Thirkell's newest novel, **"Never Too Late"** (Knopf, $3.95), will be old friends to many readers. Such readers, familiar with earlier volumes of this author's chronicle of the genteel life and easy times of Barsetshire County, will be saddened to hear that Squire Halliday has passed away (but very peacefully). They will be cheered, however, to learn that Miss Merriweather, that excellent secretary-companion to the ladies of Pomfret Towers, and the Vicar Mr. Choyce have discovered, to their mutual mild surprise, that they are not too old to fall in love. The rest is all talk and tea-parties.

Miss Thirkell's "circle" is a giddy one to the newcomer, for its activities are reported in dialogues and in witty, nineteenth-century "asides" from the author, whose syntax is tangled and whose sequence is usually in terms of the *non sequitur*. The circle is also a charmed one, existing not so much in England as in one's fantasies of England, and quite outside the time of contemporary social history. These cultivated, very kindly gentry and their faithful servants flit and twitter among the interlaced branches of their family trees, exhibiting antique good manners and virtues of which it is very pleasant to be reminded if one lives, as we do, in a world in which "science and what calls itself democracy have got the upper hand."—J. S.

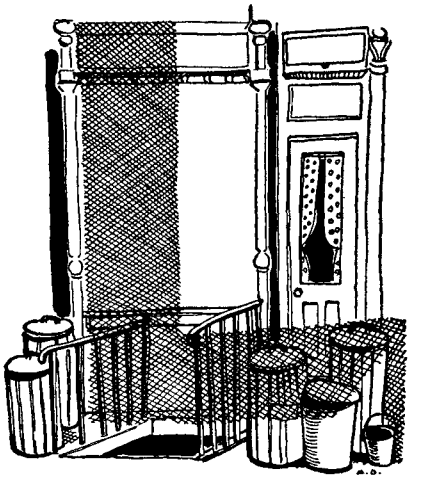
STEPDAUGHTER OF SCOTLAND: It is sometimes hard to envision Mary of Scotland as no legendary enchantress like Trojan Helen but a flesh-and-blood daughter of history. "Stepdaughter" is more accurate, and it is thus that the fair and fatal Stuart is portrayed in Elizabeth Byrd's **"Immortal Queen"** (Ballantine Books, $5). Born to rule, Mary intrigued from teen-age on to win her heritage on Scotland's throne. Cradled in Catholicism, she strove to wrest from the Protestant Reformation not only her native land and Tudor Elizabeth's but the Continent as well. To these ends were dedicated her career as a woman, except briefly in her love for Bothwell, the moor-bred Scotsman whose patriotism soared as recklessly as her own. The dedication was in vain, leading inexorably to tragedy and a criminal s death by the headsman's ax.

Overlong though it be, we have here the historical novel at its most admirable. The author brilliantly recreates the elegant French court of the Stuart's childhood, the crude pageantry of her turbulent life in Scotland, the cruel imprisonment in jealous Elizabeth's England. But it is authenticity of characterization that sets this novel apart from ordinary historical fiction. Elizabeth, Catherine de Medici, Diane de Poitiers, Rizzio, Knox, the degenerate Darnley—the whole fantastic cast embodies in spirit and deed the verdict of modern research. Bothwell emerges life-size as the honorable hero of scrupulous documentation rather than the cheap adventurer of Tudor propaganda. No technicolor siren, but an intelligent, gallant, and spiritually fulfilled woman, Mary comes off as the victim of her convulsive era—and her beauty. As Pascal would have put it, a longer Stuart nose or a shorter Tudor nose might have enthroned the Scotswoman, changing the course of history and the ending of this novel.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

CITY STREETS: The hero of **"The Butchers"** (Dial Press, $3.95), Leonard Bishop's vehement and wild-swinging novel of New York's lower East Side, is a seventeen-year-old prize fighter named Matt Bennis—son of a father in prison and a mother on relief. Two detectives enter the kitchen-centered Bennis flat on Henry Street and charge the father with armed burglary. The son sees the father taken away, and from behind the draperies of this nightmare he lashes out at the world in an effort to find a place in it. ("Wipe the dopiness outa your eyes, Matt—you're in a garbage pail fighting for food.") He becomes a hybrid "Hairy Ape" and "Martin Eden" as the book's contrapuntal theme of hate versus love is struck, with love just barely winning out.

On its hate side ("After I cut your eyes, I'll shove an ice-pick in your ears 'till you get deaf") the book has ever-diminishing returns. For the author's deep commitment to his hero's pathological turmoil, his apparent readiness to depict as evil everybody the hero thinks is evil, his cultivation of a brutality that leaves



scars and even murder in its wake but no real human pain—all finally create the suspicion that the reader is being led through a fantasy world of violence, lust, and degradation.

However, Leonard Bishop is a city writer who makes of the language of the street a bountiful prose. The most impressive thing about this book, indeed, its "love" side, is it use of language—the feeling that it gives that, like Nelson Algren, Bishop is in search of, and eminently suited to find some day, our humanity in concrete.

—THOMAS GALLAGHER.

CHILDREN'S HOUR: "Mystery can be more terrible than tangible fear." Step by step in the three novelettes of **"Child in the Dark"** (Crowell, $3.50) Rosemary Timperley tightens and twists her plots as children suffer cruelly and secretly. Always her eyes are on the children and the strange circumstances developing before the adults who defend themselves against the terror of mystery. What is it the children hear? Why does this child disappear in the fog? What is the evil in the street musician whose violin obsesses the child, and whose disappearance drives the touching, outraged girl to the canal? Why is terror so often unspoken among children?

The skill with which the author maintains the tension of her narration is notable in all three stories. Though the plots are full of horror and hideous emotions, the simple conversational scenes in hospitals, the family tensions in homes, the background of chitchat, and administrational problems in schools draw the reader forward fearfully but steadily.

A former schoolteacher, it is plain that Miss Timperley knows both children and schools. She knows, too, how frustrations lead to sadism and what emotional and passionate attachments can develop, for better or for worse, between unhappy children and unhappy teachers. She also knows what are the gentle devotions and sacrifices

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that make teaching a way of life, not just a way of earning a living. It is only by her basic recognition of certain realities that she is able to pull the reader's heart into acceptance of ghosts, surely incredible coincidences, and so much horror before each story ends. The skilful use of plot uncovers depths of involved emotions in a world where sweetness and light often dissolve in the mystery of Less Good and More Evil. —ERNESTINE EVANS.

ALSO NOTED: "The Land They Possessed," by Mary Worthy Breneman (Macmillan, $3.50), centers around the farmers who made the Dakotas their home in the 1880s. Though the "land is free for those who'll live on it and work it" there was restraint when it came to socializing between families who were extremely nationality-conscious. Michal Ward breaks through this barrier by marrying Karl Gross, whose German-Russian parents had fled conscription and taxes in the Ukraine, and gradually both Michal and Karl learn to reconcile their temperaments in the best "melting pot" tradition. Miss Breneman's novel in a quiet way reveals much about the relation of people and their attachment to the land.

"The Rival Shores," by A. R. Beverley-Giddings (Morrow, $3.50), goes back to the 1770s for a story of Loyalist families fearfully waiting transportation from Maryland's Somerset County to England or the West Indies. Sir John Whytting and a contingent of royalist spies match wits against the fierce separatists who are out to stop the refugee-running trade. In weaving this little-known area of Revolutionary times Mr. Gidding draws on surviving family records and fascinating bits of Americana without neglecting to tell a sturdy historical story in terms of people and events.

"The Captain General," by John P. Stevenson (Doubleday, $3.75), is a historical novel dealing with the mission of Duke Alva of Spain to the Netherlands to stamp out a rebellion against his master, King Philip II. Alva takes along two trusted men: Cortes, the executioner, and Juan, an accomplished spy. Cortes's enthusiasm mounts with each new client but wanes, especially after he meets the lovely noblewoman Catherin de Bleynont. When she becomes the Duke's hostage Juan rescues her and joins the opposition. Sword-play, word-play, and historical horseplay are smoothly blended. —S. P. MANSTEN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 9, 6, 5, 12, 3, 11, 7, 2, 8, 4, 10, 1.

Spain

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Mirror in the Hallway

TORQUAY, DEVON.

THINGS are looking up for Sean O'Casey. This week on Broadway commenced a series of four Sunday afternoon readings of the second volume of his autobiography, "Pictures in the Hallway." Later this season Lucille Lortel will produce Arnold Perl's play based upon "I Knock at the Door," the first volume in the same series, all six of which have been published in a boxed edition under the title "Mirror in My Home" (Macmillan, $20). And a musical version of "Juno and the Paycock" is contemplated by Glickman and Stein, authors of "Plain and Fancy."

But in discussing these projects one senses in the seventy-six-year-old playwright a certain reluctance for rejoicing. "I'm glad of course that these autobiographies will bring my work to a wider audience," he says, "but the things being so personal to me it's kind of embarrassing."

Writing the autobiographies all began twenty-five years ago when George Jean Nathan, then editor of *The Spectator*, asked O'Casey for an article. O'Casey sent him "The Protestant Kid Thinks of the Reformation" (now the twelfth chapter of "I Knock at the Door"). O'Casey was so pleased with its acceptance that he was encouraged to attempt one volume of autobiography, never dreaming that he would eventually write six. It was indeed these books rather than his plays which have kept Sean, his wife, Eileen, and their three children going through the years when the professional theatre paid little attention to the ten plays he wrote after "Juno and the Paycock" and "The Plough and the Stars." An added misfortune during this period was the poverty-enforced outright sale of amateur rights to these two masterpieces, plus "The Shadow of a Gunman," for $1,500.

Now that the New York critics have acclaimed Paul Shyre's and his group's readings of the first two volumes, the autobiographies, with their beautiful, simple descriptions of universal situations, seem to be on the verge of becoming the brand of theatre that the old-time O'Casey fans have missed in his later, less realistic plays.

"Pictures in the Hallway" sees Dublin in the Nineties through the eyes of the adolescent self whom O'Casey calls Johnny Casside (pronounced Cassidja) in order to lessen his embarrassment at writing personal things. Other names, such as the stores he worked in, have also been slightly altered for legal reasons. However, when the book first appeared elderly Dubliners were amazed at the accuracy with which O'Casey had recalled places and people. "My memory is not quite as good as it used to be," says the old man, "but I can still remember in detail things I saw when I was five and six."

The young O'Casey grew up in drastic poverty, and when challenged about the dubious morality expressed in "Pictures in the Hallway," when Johnny's mother condones his petty thefts by sewing special loot pockets in his coat, he replies, "It is not a sin for a needy person to steal from a company. After all a company has no soul. Such theft may be against the law, but I do not look at the law as a binding force. No Irishman does."

O'Casey is an avowed "Communist" in that he believes a classless society to be inevitable, but he quickly adds that this classless society applies only to economic circumstances. He is and has always been against war and is quite convinced that there will never be another world war. However, he defends the right of the people to revolt violently against governments when conditions become intolerable. The playwright does not feel that Communism is the highest development of society but merely a step towards a better future for all.

His politics have been attacked in the press, but O'Casey does not think they have been the important factor in his plays not finding productions. Rather he attributes neglect to economics ("the basis of everything"); the backward state of the English theatre (about which he finds himself in complete agreement with Helen Hayes); the refusal of the Abbey to produce "The Silver Tassie" and his ensuing plays so that he could revise them before they were published and "indifference set in"; and the fact that people are shocked by unfamiliar material.

O'CASEY feels that, like the later Richard Strauss, he has not deteriorated but simply chosen to write in a new form, and that as the public becomes more perceptive of the fantasy and satire in the world it will turn more to his later plays. Says th lean and slippered old man, "It's eas to write the realistic, but the realisti drama reached its zenith in O'Nei and cannot be improved upon. It als comes easy to me to draw character But a play should be the union of a the arts and that is the kind of pla I want to write."

O'Casey believes "Cock-a-Doodl Dandy" is the best and most hilari ous play he's written, but because c the sad experience of seeing severa of his plays fail for want of bette production, he will firmly turn dow all offers that do not promise idea casting and full scenic effects.

As for the immediate future, th playwright seems bright-eyed an fit after two recent operations. A third may be necessary, but when tha is finished he will start another play Meanwhile he finds that despite hi very bad eyesight he still has a stron sensual love of life and never tire of walking about Torquay recordin sights and sounds. As the thirteent child in a family where eight died i childhood, he doesn't expect to pus his luck very much farther and h believes death to be complete anni hilation. He spends a great deal c time corresponding with young writ ers who need the encouragement h never received himself, and reall wants only two things before h departs "for heaven." They are six-volume set of D'Aubigny's "His tory of the Reformation" and grand production of "Cock-a-Doodl Dandy." —HENRY HEWES.

—*Alfred Eris*

Sean O'Casey—". . . 'kind of embarrassing'."

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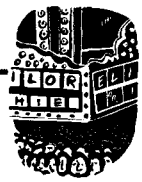

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

What Hangs Over

WHEN M-G-M purchased the Robert Anderson play **"Tea and Sympathy"** there was general industry interest in the fairly obvious problems of adaptation, since the story dealt with subject matter usually avoided by Hollywood. In it a teen-age boy runs a quite harrowing gamut of abuse by his friends, teachers, and even his father, because he is somehow "different" from the others. An act of gracious adultery by the wife of a housemaster saves him, it is implied, from a thwarted adult emotional life and, perhaps, from the very homosexuality of which he is accused. The Production Code succinctly states: "Sex perversion or any inference of it is forbidden." And, as adultery was involved too, the basic story ran counter to several other general principles, particular applications, and reasons underlying particular applications of the Code. Anderson adapted his play himself, and there were rumors that he had a hard time pleasing the Code administration, but now the movie has been made and the story has presumably been made palatable for mass consumption.

The play was an often dignified, dramatically interesting, and occasionally facile presentation of a difficult subject. The movie follows its main outlines quite faithfully, but the additions and deletions clearly show the Code at work. Matters have not been helped any, it seems to me, by the Code administration's services. While the performances by Deborah Kerr, John Kerr, and of Lief Erickson are all uniformly expert—as they were in the stage presentation—the changes made necessary in the script include some heavy-handed moralizing, remorse, and retribution that were not originally a part of the author's intent. Who, I wonder, has been helped by this? Impressionable teenagers? The theme of implied homosexuality is still present in the movie, in spite of the changes, for the boy is still regarded by his friends as a sissy ("sister-boy" is the term of derogation used) and too girlish to be worthy of association with the manly young men at the private school that is the setting for the story. Left out—at great cost to dramatic motivation—is the schoolmaster's fear of his own latent homosexuality. We don't understand what motivates his hounding of the boy—unless it is jealousy of the relationship forming between his wife and the subject of his hatred, an equally unpleasant reason.

The movie demonstrates once more the old-hat nature of the Code. M-G-M has gone ahead and made the movie anyway, the subject has been treated, with no increase in delicacy, and such changes as occur seem silly and hardly calculated to encourage stricter sexual morality. Thus, the older woman offers herself to the boy in a moonlit wood rather than in the privacy of his bedroom; she does not indicate an opening of her blouse, but instead takes his hand and looks meaningfully into his eyes. And years later, the boy now grown to a man—a writer, no less—reads a letter she has left for him. This makes clear the terrible consequences of her act: her husband has become a broken, haunted effigy of himself; she has become an emotional wanderer, with no happiness to be found anywhere, and the boy has obviously turned into a gloomy sort himself. While the entire movie can't and should not be judged by this coda, it is nevertheless obvious that the pall of remorse and retribution has turned it into a more spiritless undertaking than it needed to be.

* * *

A striking retribution also occurs to the little girl murderer of **"The Bad Seed,"** another film conversion of a Broadway hit. Again there are repitions of stage performances—Nancy Kelly's as the mother of the angelic looking monster and Patty McCormack's as the child. Since both play and movie are really in the realm of the shocker we need not consider either as significant human drama, but what is significant is the change in ending that Mervyn LeRoy, producer and director, felt it necessary to make. I know that all of us have been enjoined not to reveal the ending of the picture, but at the same time I feel that it would make a more effective movie if everyone would walk out three minutes before the end. The little girl in the play, you'll remember, lives on after her mother's death and the bad seed will flourish—a nicely chilling ending. In the movie she goes purposefully to a lakeside dock to remove some damaging evidence, and while the wind howls, thunder roars, and lightning flashes a bolt straight from heaven knocks her stone dead.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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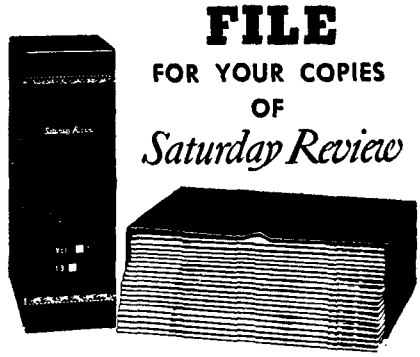

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Hollywood in Spanish

SOME seven or eight years ago Stanley Kramer, now a motion-picture producer of great prominence, was regarded as the white hope of a sorely beset industry. His formula, if it could be called that, involved careful pre-production planning, low budgets, timely social themes, and a calculated flouting of the time-honored star system. The American film industry still regards itself as sorely beset, but during a recent visit to Spain, where I encountered Mr. Kramer, hard at work on his new picture, "The Pride and the Passion," I became aware that the industry is no longer adjusting to Kramer's thinking, but that Kramer has adjusted himself to industry thinking. It is the "big" picture that is to save the industry, and certainly "The Pride and the Passion" is one of the biggest of current movie undertakings. The budget for it will run in excess of $4,000,000, the stars—Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Sophia Loren—are some of the world's best known, and the story is distinctly of the spectacle type, involving tasks that DeMille himself might have hesitated to tackle.

One can take almost any road leading out of Madrid and encounter a series of arrowed signs stating, simply, KRAMER. If you follow the signs you will sooner or later (depending on where the company happens to be shooting that day) come upon a large encampment made up of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of variously uniformed men. There will also be horses, burros, trucks, trailers, jeeps, automobiles, and, invariably, a contingent of spectators—the country people of the area, solemnly watching the slow, grinding process of making a "big" movie. On a high point of ground is erected a wooden tower, and on the platform of the tower are Stanley Kramer, the VistaVision camera, technicians, and a loudspeaker through which the voice of Kramer resounds over the hot, dry countryside. All in all, a far cry from the old Kramer days.

When you move into Spain with $4,000,000 solid American dollars you are an important operation, one with which the Spanish Government is seriously concerned. Kramer received that rare privilege, an audience with Franco, and on that audience he resolutely refuses to speak, for he is not concerned with creating news, but rather information and publicity about his picture—not the same thing at all. But Kramer himself was news in Spain. He was, first of all, filming a story in which the Spaniards could take considerable pride, an account of their war of independence against the French Occupation forces under Napoleon. Their pride has helped in accomplishing some spirited scenes for the movie. Entire populations of Spanish towns were recruited for important moments of the movie, such as the storming of the walls at Avila. A big gun, carted by a force of *guerrilleros,* was to breach the walls in a grand climax, and 5,000 Spanish citizens were to charge into the city. The event was so important that the governor of the province as well as a personal representative of Franco were among the spectators. Everything went off beautifully, up to a point. The townspeople made a marvelous charge up the side of the hill through exploding mines, the gun was touched off, and the wall (a specially constructed section built in front of the true wall—a most valuable historic and tourist property) was rigged to explode on schedule. Except it didn't explode. Something went wrong, and two extra days were required to restage the scene. That event is now known as Kramer's Folly.

BUT most everything else about the movie *has* gone off on schedule, for Kramer's painstaking pre-production work still pays dividends. Mr. Kramer as a director is a patient man. Now that the job is all but finished he is still convinced that it was necessary to come to Spain, to utilize some of Spain's handsomest backgrounds, to create what was virtually an entire production organization in a foreign country, and to make the particular kind of picture he has made. "The picture has been made by the *people* of Spain," he said, very seriously. And Hollywood, when it brings its technical resources and piles of dollars along, finds much the same sort of cooperation wherever it goes. These forays into foreign production are cultural missions of a sort, like Coca-Cola, Pepsi-Cola, and military bases.

As for the hold of the movies over these same people there is no doubt. The inhabitants of a small Spanish farming village watched in awe while Sophie Loren strolled majestically by. As she proceeded a polite ripple of applause accompanied her. —H. A.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

American Dance Festivals

THIS is a year of anniversaries in modern dance. Half a century ago, in 1906, Ruth St. Denis gave her first concerts, and just thirty years ago Martha Graham threw herself at the world. This summer I checked in at the nation's two biggest dance festivals, Jacob's Pillow and New London, to appraise the vitality of contemporary American dance.

Modern dance has many analogies with jazz: besides the richness of improvisation and the cultiness which alternately buoys and drags them, at home and abroad they are regarded as authentic art forms of American civilization. Each went through a sterile postwar hiatus which erupted into a plethora of brilliant performers around 1950. Now, from spontaneous beginnings, they are moving through a period of inbred self-consciousness toward uncertain elaborations.

The Ninth American Dance Festival at Connecticut College, the only one devoted entirely to modern dance, mirrored the strengths and weaknesses inherent in this situation. Doris Humphrey and José Limon provided pivots around which flew most of the idolatry and gossip invariably part of all festivals. "Bunk," Sir Thomas Beecham recently called them at the Edinburgh super-festival, mainly held for commercial purposes and without much relation to the art they present. That neither Humphrey nor Limon, who for several years have been the core of the Connecticut festival, offered any new compositions makes one ponder Sir Thomas's statement on the value of festivals. True, Connecticut has its School of the Dance as Jacob's Pillow has a University of the Dance. But the eclectic, cliqueruled New London affair rules out the widest possible representation of dancers. Where were Sybil Shearer, Jean Erdman, Pearl Lang, Barbara Mettler, Midi Garth, and May O'Donnell, to mention only a few who might have been invited for the sake of variety as well as vitality?

Although the five-day festival was disappointing in all-round terms, two memorable events occurred in Palmer Auditorium on the hilltop campus which presaged a hopeful future for modern dance. The young Henry Street Playhouse Dance Company staked out its claim to leadership in creative originality, and Ruth Currier emerged as a dancer of major stature, capable of projecting an ecstasy possibly not experienced since the days of Isadora. In "Kaleidoscope" Alwin Nikolais's Henry Street dancers made a bold, striking exploration of the possibilities of movement, sound, shape, and color through accoutrements like gadgets (discs, poles, boxes, hoops, straps), Buck Rogers costumes, and an "advanced" score (Varese, Cage, Chavez, *et al.*, ethnic sources and percussion effect)—all successfully integrated into a whole of impressive dimensions.

Up to now Ruth Currier has been regarded as an efficient cog of the Limon corporation and a choreographer of mild talent who was represented at New London by "Triplicity" (Pick-Mangiagalli) and "Becoming" (Malipiero), two minor efforts giving no hint of what came to light in a revival of "The Exiles" (Schoenberg), in which she partnered Limon for the first time in his beautiful parable of Adam and Eve's expulsion from Paradise. Miss Currier danced a White Goddess who would have satisfied even Mr. Graves. She transmitted a breathtaking, electric excitement to an enraptured audience at a time when the personal lyric style is almost submerged.

The basic shift in modern dance, a progression from the individual lyric expression to an unresolved liaison with the theatre, was reflected in Doris Humphrey's newest work, "Theatre Piece, No. 2," subtitled "A Concerto for Light, Movement, Sound, and Voice" and set to an electronic tape recorder and orchestra score by Otto Luening. It ventured ambitiously into unexplored terrain armed with form and fantasy, but remained an experiment. Certainly Miss Humphrey has in her own repertoire already proven her mastery in creating lasting works of dance theatre. A revival of the third part, "The Desert," of her "Song of the West," with music by Roy Harris, was capably done by her repertory group at the school. This evocation of the performance of ancient rites to a mysterious goddess, composed in 1939, contains the roots of the opening of "Theatre Piece, No. 2," which was first received this spring by a stunned audience at Juilliard's Festival of American Music as essentially a devastating satire of the theatre. Another viewing has convinced me Miss Humphrey intended it to be a source of new directions. Anna Sokolow's "Rooms" and "Lyric Suite," also Pauline Koner's "The Shining Dark," merit discussion for which space is lacking.

The fifteenth season at Jacob's Pillow, which rests halfway up one of the Berkshires near the town of Lee, ran ten weeks with a total of fifty-six performances. This year the San Francisco Ballet, oldest civic repertory group in the U. S. (founded 1933), made its first appearance on the East Coast with a three-week run of eight ballets. An extremely youthful, athletic group, it seemed more endowed with a will-to-please team spirit than the depth and projection of a full-fledged ballet troupe. Perhaps it is because the style of "American classicism" director Lew Christensen works with is not at all indigenous to California soil. Ballets like "Le Gourmand" (Mozart), a Molière-like fable serving each course of a meal in a ballet equivalent, and "A Masque of Beauty and the Shepherd" (Gluck), a re-creation of the pageantry that prevailed in eighteenth-century court masques relating the legend of Paris and the golden apple, were little more than divertissements unable to contain the energy of splendid young virtuosos like Nancy Johnson, Christiane Bering, and Conrad Ludlow. Especially in Sally Bailey, a lithe firecracker of a ballerina who should be heard from, one sensed the search for a less-limited vocabulary with which to express her talented body.

Modern dance could be the answer; it is not the use of American folk materials for choreographic inspiration, to judge by the "Americana Suite" excerpts done by the Texas State College for Women modern dance group, the first college unit to appear at the Pillow in its twenty-four years of dance activity. The most powerful choreography seen came from one of modern's masters, Charles Weidman, although billed as a "monodrama." Mia Slavenska danced the American première of his "Medea" (Ravel) with a demoniac force and intensity. Merce Cunningham, exponent of the "choreography by chance" method, maneuvered objectively in "Suite for Five" and "Nocturnes" (Cage); Shawn himself danced King Lear in Myra Kinch's "Sundered Majesty" and a gypsy king in "The Bajour"; Miss Kinch also offered "Magnolia for Three" and "Leo's Lunch," satires on a Southern belle's love affair and on circus life, and her take-off on Charles Addams, "Giselle's Revenge," with a nineteenth-century tinkleodeon score by Adolphe Adams (Manuel Galea composed the music for the other works).

—MORTON SEIF.

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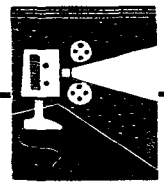

IDEAS ON FILM

Men in Movement

LAST month's review of recent industrial films was so distressing that it prompted me to make a somewhat unorthodox survey among some of the nation's more imaginative film-makers to discover whether they had any film ideas worth talking about. I asked that they limit their answers to films they were really eager to do, films they thought were "sponsorable," and which they were willing to have written up for everybody to read about.

Eight of the nineteen film-makers who were sent the letter responded at length. The ideas they submitted were actually more varied and intriguing than I had guessed they would be. In locale they ranged from the South Seas to Madison Avenue, in subject from the history of trees to the history of music, and from the modern skyscraper to the back-yard swimming pool. Although the answers to my questions were often hasty and half formed, they showed the vital sparks of personality and excitement which must be present *in the conception of an outstanding* film.

I enjoyed reading about these films, and I feel sure I would enjoy seeing them come true. To any unscrupulous people who might want to lift one of the ideas sketched below and claim it for his own I can say only this: when you take someone else's good idea you have only his good idea—you do not have his good name, his good sense, or his good work.

Since the films are as yet unborn, and consequently unnamed, I have arranged things alphabetically by film-maker:

JULIEN BRYAN. Appropiate to the school season, Mr. Bryan writes that he is most interested right now in producing a series of films *designed to attract young people to careers* in science and engineering. Most kids are bored with mathematics, physics, and chemistry, he says, when these ought to be the most exciting things in the world. A "pilot" film for the project would cost about $100,000. "I have no intention of making all six films myself," Mr. Bryan says, "but rather getting three or four of the ablest documentary film producers in America to work with us." The idea of making a series of stimulating science films for school use is one in which a number of film-makers have been expressing interest. It does not seem far-fetched that some industrial manufacturers and educational foundations would be interested in pooling resources to sponsor a dynamic series of motion pictures on this most important mid-century educational topic.

Julien Bryan is Executive Director of the International Film Foundation, Inc., at 270 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. He is best known for the wartime series of Good Neighbor films made for the Office of Inter-American Affairs, and for many postwar documentaries made in Italy, Japan, Britain, the U.S., and elsewhere.

HELEN GRAYSON and WILLIAM NOVIK. This hands-across-the-sea partnership promises to be one of the most exciting and productive of the postwar decade. Miss Grayson, one of the few women directors in the world, is best known for "The Cummington Story" and for a State Department series on American history. William Novik, a French film-maker, is the creator of the outstanding color film "Medieval Images." Joining forces, they plan to make a Franco-American film about Benjamin Franklin in France, a black-and-white short with French and English versions for use here and abroad. Cost is estimated at about $30,000.

The film will be shot in Paris and in the United States, using the camera to animate engravings and survivals of the time. Interesting or amusing events, as well as customs and viewpoints, will be described as far as possible in Franklin's words and in the words of his contemporaries. In contrasting the brilliant artistic and intellectual life of eighteenth-century Paris with the plain, forthright, and dynamic figure of the visiting American, Miss Grayson and M. Novik feel that the film will be an important addition to Franco-American understanding—showing freedom, rugged enterprise, and optimism on the one hand, and on the other a highly developed art of living and a zest for ideas and knowledge. "Because of our respective interest in each other's countries," Miss Grayson writes, "and because we both enjoy bringing a subject to life in this way, we see the film as a 'natural' and a 'must'." An enterprising sponsor with a French or European market to develop will find here a first-rate idea for a film and two top film-makers. Helen Grayson can be reached at 118 East 37th Street, New York City (during September) and later at Hotel Paris-Dinard, 29 rue Casette, Paris (VIe), France.

CHARLES GUGGENHEIM. This young St. Louis film-maker, whose hard-hitting films on municipal deterioration have won international attention, writes that the film he would most like to make right now is a documentary on the housing problem in a large American city. It would be twenty-seven and one-half minutes long (suitable for television), and would cost about $50,000. Mr. Guggenheim feels that it could be financed by manufacturers of building materials, who have a vested interest in the rehabilitation of neighborhoods and slums. He writes that in the past several years he and his colleagues have seen what most people do not have an opportunity to see, or do not care to see. "We have seen a city spend the greatest majority of its public health and public safety funds on areas which are not worth saving," he writes. "We have met and talked with the people who live there, and whose children have been influenced by the never-ending bleakness and pessimism which are bred in a bad neighborhood. . . . Certainly here is a perfect subject. . . ."

Mr. Guggenheim concludes that any film can be interesting to make and to watch if the sponsor allows an interesting point of view. Sponsors who are so inclined might address themselves to Charles Guggenheim and Associates, 5522 Delmar Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri.

LEN LYE. By way of New Zealand and England, Len Lye came to the United States as an originator of lively hand-drawn abstractions and documentary films; in this country he worked for a number of years as a director of March of Time films. Mr. Lye outlines several unusual films, matching his somewhat checkered film career. "I'm crazy about the islands of the South Pacific," he writes. "To me no one has filmed their romanticism and social 'feel' and certainly not in relation to the world at large." Having grown up with New Zealand Polynesians, traded in Samoa, learned to respect Melanesians, he feels that this is a film he is particularly suited for. Soap or pineapple concerns would surely get their money's worth from such a film, in prestige, public relations, and sales.

What distinguishes an industrial film, Mr. Lye points out, is its subconscious preoccupation with the *significance of life* rather than with products. Two other films which he is keen on making are one on music (in which he would use abstract color accompaniments to help clarify the difference between ritualistic, serious, and jazz music) and one on the advertising and public-relations industry (a documentary showing how a good campaign is ironed out, the juggle for time and space, etc.). Mr. Lye concludes wisely, with regard to the latter idea, that of all the industries in need of a good public-relations film the public-relations industry's need is greatest. Len Lye has organized a small production company called Direct Films, at 41 Bethune Street, New York City.

NICHOLAS READ. In this country Nick Read is most prominent for his work in heading up the Southern Educational Film Production Service. His pet idea for a film is one that deserves a sponsor and might easily find one. It deals with the care and management of a back-yard swimming pool. From personal experience Mr. Read can offer a script that tells how the pool was changed from a neighborhood nuisance to a well-run community project. "The story of how we learned and what we learned," writes Mr. Read, "could be told in film with considerable zest and humor. Frankly, I think the film would help sell swimming pools even if we leaned over backwards not to make this its purpose. . . . Done with our own pool and people, and at our own schedule and by our own shop, we could bring in a nice film in color with some dialogue as well as narration for $10,000 or under." Potential sponsors, in addition to swimming-pool manufacturing companies, might be found among insurance companies, for as Mr. Read states, "People who own pools have holes in their heads as well as their yards if they don't automatically have large insurance policies." When he is not making films in Nicaragua, Greece, or Africa Mr. Read can be found at Potomac Film Producers, Inc., 1536 Connecticut Avenue, N.W. Washington 6, D.C.

HENWAR RODAKIEWICZ. With a record as long as any in documentary film writing and directing, Mr. Rodakiewicz has gone back fifteen years or so to dig out an idea he has been yearning to make into a film. It would be a feature-length film based on George R. Stewart's "Storm," an exciting semi-documentary novel which traces a storm which gathers off the coast of Japan and ends creating havoc in the California Sierras. The film would cost about $500,000, and might well find joint sponsorship among transportation and communication companies. It would be shot in California and Nevada, with as many authentic scenes as possible in the various weather, train and telegraph offices—and a real storm in Donner Pass climaxing the film. "I am far from alone in wishing to do this film," Mr. Rodakiewicz writes. "Practically every documentary film-maker has for years been wishing to have a crack at it." Having already made films on Florida hurricanes and Atlantic ice-patrols Mr. Rodakiewicz seems well qualified to tackle further weather problems. As a free-lance writer-director Henwar Rodakiewicz has his business address at 400 East 50th Street New York City.

GEORGE STONEY. A contemporary examination of all our natural resources is one of the ideas that George Stoney would like to put on film. "What I want to demonstrate," he writes, "is the eternal struggle that goes on between man's needs and nature's limits. Each time we learn to handle one 'problem' another crops up . . . and it will always be thus. But just what are the limits, what are the possibilities? What actually happened in the famous dust bowl area? Is the lesson of 'The River' still valid? What are the real facts about the lumber resources? Why are more acres in timber now than fifty years ago? What are the facts behind the differing claims of those who advocate and those who oppose the importation of oil into the U.S.?" Mr. Stoney's outline takes on the tone of a "Dragnet" mystery, a wholly appropriate mood for this often beclouded subject.

Recently he has been working out of Washington, D.C.; this month he takes up the position of director of the Film Institute, City College, Convent Avenue, New York, N.Y.

ROGER TILTON. From the maker of "Jazz Dance" come plans and hopes for two more films about contemporary America. "Skyscraper" is Mr. Tilton's title for a film which "would interpret the upward growth of our great architecture in terms of movement and sound, absorbing the audience in a play of emotional, dramatic, vertiginous experiences created on the screen. Through it the audience would 'live out' the process of building."

Another film Mr. Tilton would like to do is called "Parkway." He feels it could well be sponsored by the concrete or asphalt companies which have a stake in the new national highway systems. Mr. Tilton now heads Roger Tilton Films, Inc., at 417 West 21st Street, New York 11, N.Y.

Well, even if they never get made it's good to think that film-makers still dream about good films, even if it's hard to make the dreams come true.

—CECILE STARR.

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Books for Young People

—"Action Starboard."

CHILDREN'S librarians are asked often to give an exact age or grade for which books they are reviewing are suitable. Unless they know the child who will read the books they seldom like to do this because of the many variables that affect reading. Children master the mechanics of reading at different ages; their emotional, social, and physical development varies; the reading habits of their families differ. Children interested in a subject will read books on that subject of far more difficulty than they will in their general reading. These and many other factors make it well-nigh impossible to pinpoint a book for, example, the eight-year-old boy or the twelve-year-old girl.

Certain phrases, general indications of age and grade ranges, are often given in a review: "a picture book," "for the youngest" are self-explanatory; "for the beginning reader," "for younger children" usually mean those children who are able to read but are not yet proficient, and this may mean a child anywhere from six to nine years old; "for older boys and girls" usually indicates children in the upper grades who are able to read long, somewhat involved stories; and, of course, "for the teen-age," "for young adults" are again self-explanatory. Sometimes suitability is indicated by a grade or age range: "for nine- to twelve-year-olders," "boys in the fifth and sixth grades." Or there is within the descriptive matter of the review a clue to the probable reader: "ten-year-old John," "seventeen-year-old Mary," "simple, easy-to-read text," "many full-page illustrations," "for the unusual child." Thus do we try to indicate in a general way the groups for which books seem suitable, depending upon the person who knows the individual child to make the final selection appropriate for him.

Reviewers for this issue: Elizabeth Nesbitt, Associate Dean, School of Library Science, Carnegie Institute of Technology; Nance O'Neall, Librarian, Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles, California; Ruth Hill Viguers, Lecturer, Library School, Simmons College; and Elizabeth O. Williams, Supervisor, Library and Textbook Section, Los Angeles Board of Education.

FRANCES LANDER SPAIN, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

JONAH THE FISHERMAN. *By Reiner Zimnik. Translated by Richard and Clara Vinston. Pantheon.* $3. "In Paris the fishermen sit by the banks of the Seine and fish. . . . These fishermen of Paris catch nothing but little fish, but they do not care." When one of them, Jonah, discovered how to catch big fish he was no longer welcome to fish from the banks of the Seine. He went out into the world teaching people how to catch big fish, becoming rich and seeing many wonderful sights, but homesickness drove him back to Paris, where at last he was content to catch small fish.

There is a mingling of sophistication and childlike quality in the line drawings which will probably make it appealing to many adults as well as children. Some of the drawings are reminiscent of Roland Emett, but most of them have originality and charm and can be compared with the work of no other artist. A gay, amusing picture book. —RUTH HILL VIGUERS.

KNOW A LOT OF THINGS. *By Ann and Paul Rand. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. This picture book, the first by an American artist designer and his wife, evidences an appreciation of the sense of wonder which little children feel in their growing knowledge. The brief and simple text is often enlivened with the kind of fancy associated with fact which delights the preschool child. Less frequently there is a prosaic quality which may be overapparent in contrast with the predominating imaginative touches. The impressionistic illustrations in bright, varied colors achieve, without resort to minute details, harmony with the text.

—ELIZABETH NESBITT.

BERRIES IN THE SCOOP. *A Cape Cod Cranberry Story. By Lois Lenski. Illustrated by the author. Lippincott.* $2.25. **WE LIVE BY THE RIVER.** *By Lois Lenski. Illustrated by the author. Lippincott.* $2.25. These are two more titles in the Round About America Series for boys and girls seven-to-nine years of age. There are warmth and understanding in these stories of how cranberries are grown and gathered by Portuguese workers in the bogs of Cape Cod, and of how the rivers color and influence the lives of the river children and their families at work and play. They make an authentic contribution to the social studies units on American life for the youngest readers.

—ELIZABETH O. WILLIAMS.

HIPPOLYTE: CRAB KING. *By Joy Anderson. Illustrated by Peter Spier. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.25. The island of Trinidad is the setting for this story of a little boy who earned the money for his carnival costume by catching swamp crabs and selling them in the big market, surprising the villagers of Tuna Puna.

Hippolyte's little house on "tall spider legs," his family, and his friends have the charm of the unfamiliar, but the story is told so simply that the youngest readers can enjoy it for themselves. The many black-and-white drawings are full of life and atmosphere and the gaiety of festival time. —R. H. V.

STOWAWAY TO THE MUSHROOM PLANET. *By Eleanor Cameron. Illustrated by Robert Henneberger. Little, Brown.* $2.75. A great many eight- to ten-year-old boys will be made very happy by the sequel to "The Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet." There is in the second book no diminishing of the expert combination of fact and fantasy, of science and wonder, of humor and imagination which made the first book so original and delightful. There is a new element of suspense and danger in the person of the stowaway, Horatio Q. Peabody, a deadly serious and self-seeking young scientist, whose pride of knowledge unsuccessfully defies the Law of Order. If there is a warning here it is pleasantly integrated with the story.

—E. N.

A DOG FOR DAVIES HILL. *By Clare Bice. Illustrated by the author. Macmillan.* $3. This is the story of a boy who befriended an old beggar and was rewarded with a hungry little dog. Davie trained the dog, Fly, to help the sheep dogs, and it was a proud day when he placed first in the novice class at the trials. There are strange and thrilling

—*From "Stowaway to the Mushroom Planet."*

". . . fantasy, science, humor, imagination."

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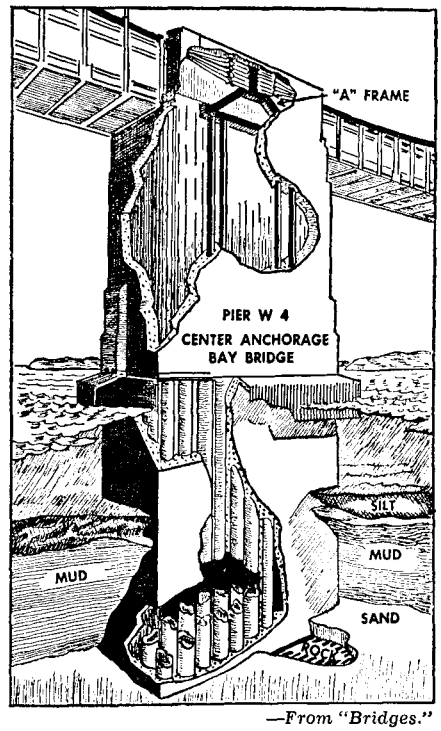
adventures in capturing some sheep stealers, all told against the fascinating background of the moors and Scottish highlands. The use of dialect limits the reading to better sixth-grade readers and to junior-high-school students. —E. W.

THE RUNNER. *By Jane and Paul Annixter. Drawings by Paul Laune. Holiday House.* $2.75. Children who are discriminating lovers of animal stories will find in this story of a wild horse the strength of reality which characterized such earlier animal stories as Ernest Thompson Seton's. The first chapters have appeal in their telling of the patient, loving, and self-disciplined taming and capture of "The Runner" by the boy Shadow. But it is the latter half of the book which will make the deepest impression. Here pathos and drama associated with knowledgeable interpretation of animal nature and vivid description of mountains and valleys make a horse story with a difference. —E. N.

ACTION STARBOARD. *Written and illustrated by Victor Mays. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.75. With the War of 1812 as a background Mr. Mays has written an exciting tale of spies, blockade running, and privateering in the Caribbean. Young Toby Ives signed on the Yankee brig *Cormorant* as cabin apprentice and earned the title of Mister Ives for his part in the adventures that culminated in the daring capture of a small British warship. Older boys will like the story, and find the diagrams and glossary of interest. —F. L. S.

THE STARS BY CLOCK AND FIST. *By Henry M. Neely. Viking.* $4. Ten years of experimentation and compilation have resulted in this book which presents a most ingenius method for locating and identifying the celestial bodies. Standing in the center of an imaginary clock with twelve o'clock at true north, the arm outstretched in front and the fist used as a sextant, it is possible with the aid of the charts and hourly lists in this book to measure the altitude of a star and locate it quickly. Most young people whose interest in astronomy could be aroused easily are frustrated at the outset by the failure of their confused efforts to find the object so easily located by the expert. This is the most simple and practical plan for locating the stars I have seen.

Good overhead maps and brief chapters on the planets and the zodiac are included as well as chapters explaining the plan. The book can be used anywhere in the United States, Southern Canada, and in other parts of the world within the same latitudes. Mr. Neely is a lecturer at the American Museum-Hayden Planetarium in New York City. His enthusiasm for his subject is such that even in this practical book, made up largely of charts and maps, the reader is bound to find himself eager for a chance to put the plan into practice. —R. H. V.



—*From "Bridges."*

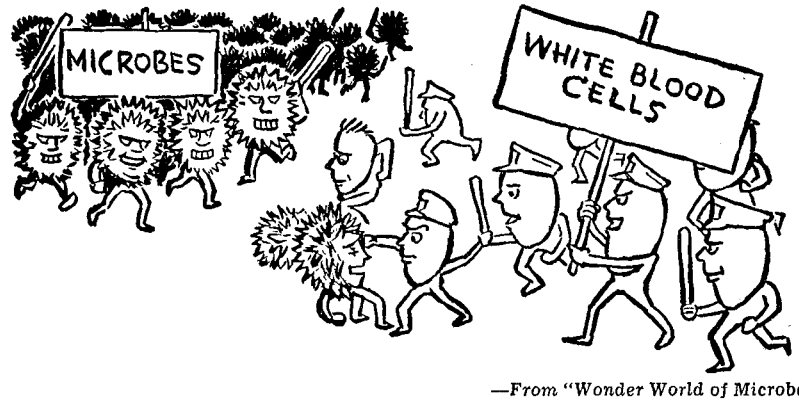
". . . the great bridge of today."

ANNAPOLIS, THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN. *A Picture Story by Jack Engeman. Foreword by Admiral R. B. Carney, USN (Ret.). Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $3.50. **WEST POINT, THE LIFE OF A CADET.** *A Picture Story by Jack Engeman. Foreword by General M. B. Ridgway, U. S. Army, Rtd. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $3.50. These two books should be very useful in giving boys what historical and technical books do not: a quick understanding of the actual life at our naval and military academies. Excellent photographs with brief descriptive text show the daily activities and high points in the life of an Annapolis midshipman and a West Point cadet from admission to graduation. Mr. Engeman is himself a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy, a retired Naval officer, and a forme instructor at the Academy, and is wel aware of the questions young peopl want answered. —R. H. V.

BRIDGES. *Written and illustrated b Henry Billings. Viking.* $3.50. Onc again Mr. Billings has shown how ex citing clear, accurate information o an engineering subject can be. In thi book he has told the story of bridge in the United States from the earlies attempts to span a stream to the grea bridges of today on which the yearl traffic is counted in the millions, wit a glimpse into the future at the prob lems being faced in the building of th proposed Messina Straights Bridge i Italy and the bridge across Upper Nev York Bay at the Narrows. Many excel lent illustrations and a chapter of dia grams contribute much to the under standing of how bridges do their work There is a good index. —R. H. V.

WONDER WORLD OF MICROBES. *B Madeline Grant. Illustrated by Clif ford Geary. Whittlesey House.* $2.7 A glimpse into the fascinating worl of microscopic life is presented to th young biologist of nine to thirteen i this superior contribution to the fiel of science. Bacteria, molds, and yeast are described in some detail. A fe simple experiments designed to an swer some questions and to provok others are included. The task of scientist to find facts and to experi ment with those facts for man's fur ther knowledge is illustrated by brie accounts of the work of Leeuwenhoel Pasteur, Jenner, Fleming, and Sall The contribution of UNICEF touched upon. Dr. Grant has chose to write for a group younger tha the readers of "Men, Microscopes an Living Things" by Katherine B. Ship pen (Viking) or of "Story of Mi crobes" by Albert Schatz (Harper Factual, not literary, this will be useful, usable, and used book in hom school, and public library.

—NANCE O'NEALL.



—*From "Wonder World of Microbes.*

". . . glimpse into [a] fascinating world."

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uppose Columbus . . .

Continued from page 10

these matters I confess to an im-ession that most of my specialist lleagues tend to depict the New orld as more significantly "sealed f" from the Old than was, I suspect, e case in fact. The discovery of the ncept of mathematical zero in India d by the Maya Indians; the striking nilarities between the Indian game parchesi and the Mexican game of atolli; the detailed resemblances be-ween notions about the zodiac in the o hemispheres; certain parallels tween Maya art and architecture d certain styles in Southeast Asia ead Elliot Smith's admittedly preju-ced but delightfully sharp little ok: "Elephants and Ethnologists") these and many other convergences pear to me too specific and too re-arkable to be understood as inde-ndent.* Yet my skepticism does not ind me to the fact that in the main merican culture growth appears ore autonomous from that in the frica-Eurasia land mass than do even ch marginal and specialized cultures those of aboriginal Australia.

O LET us speculate on the assump-n that development continued in e New World for another 500 years der conditions of about the same ount of siolation as prevailed prior 1492. But first we must open up me theoretical questions which ac-ally underlie the controversies over e independence of the more brilliant atures of American Indian cultures. is is no mere academic or anti-arian squabble. There are at issue me absolutely fundamental ques-ns as to human nature and the his-rical process.

To obtain vividness of exposition let e sketch the two contending posi-ns in an unfairly extreme form. any European scholars appear to ink that man is essentially an imi-tive and conforming creature. The eat inventions demand such genius such an extraordinary concatena-n of historical circumstances that it unreasonable to presume that revo-tionary innovations could have oc-rred more than once in human his-y. The problem then becomes: a) find out when and where and in at context the wheel, for instance, s invented; and b) when and by

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ITOR'S NOTE: *These correspondences men-ned by Dr. Kluckhohn have been very care-ly studied by a school of anthropologists in lia itself, which has come to the conclusion t considerable travel back and forth across Pacific to Central America was sponsored the great sea-empires dominating Southeast a and Indonesia around the beginning of Christian era.*

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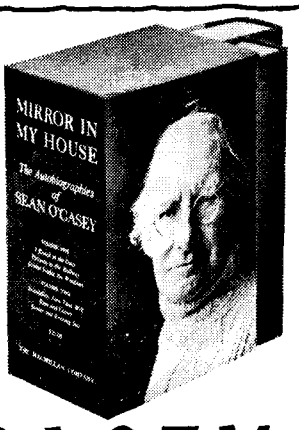

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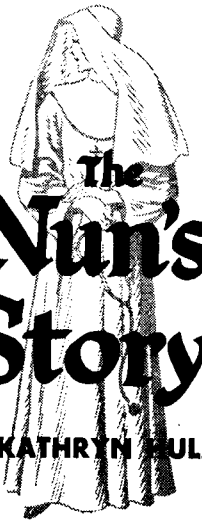

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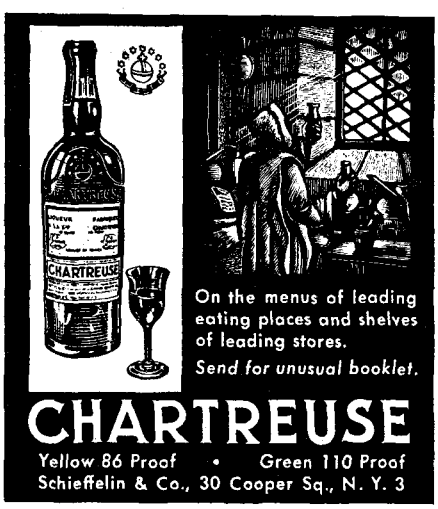

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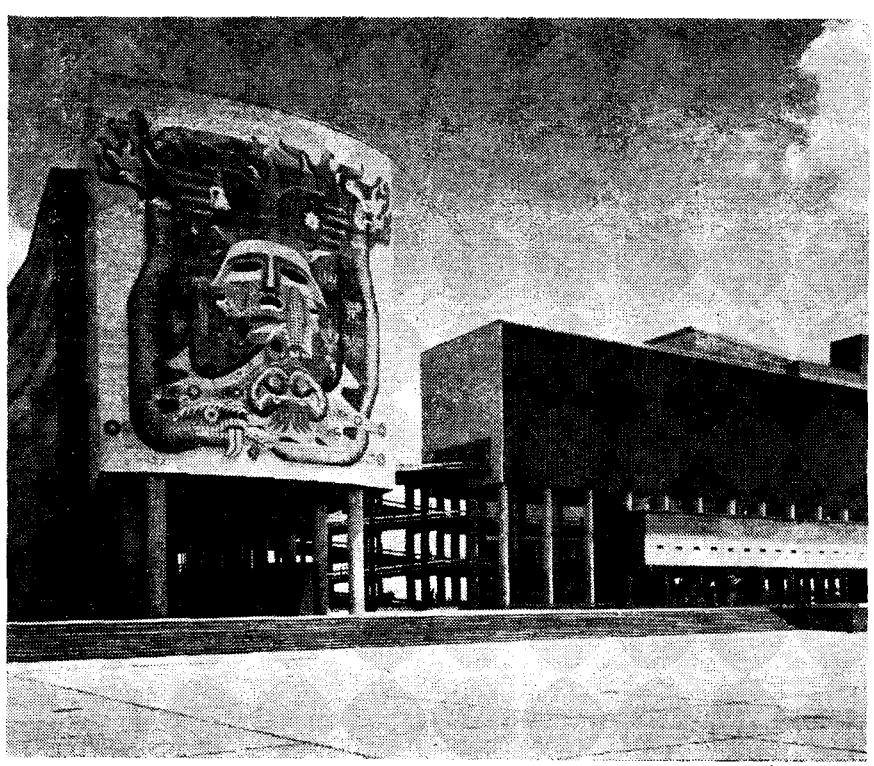
what routes and under what conditions it spread to other peoples. The Americanist position, on the other hand, is more nearly that the biological nature of the human beast, the human social situation, and the broad aspects of external nature to which all cultures must adapt are always and everywhere similar enough so that there will be orderly regularities in the evolution of economy, social life, religion, and the arts. To be sure, there will be differences also—differences brought about by historical accidents and by small and large variations in the environmental pressures. Yet these differences will appear more in the visible artifacts and in the outward trappings of custom than in the ground plans of all cultures and the lawful order in which these evolve through time.

This may well be my American ethnocentricity showing, but I feel that on the whole the data for the New World accord considerably better with what I have called the Americanist position. On many details of technology, ritual, language, and social organization which those who are most rabid in emphasizing historical borrowing have not claimed as spreading from the Old World, there are highly specific parallels between the two hemispheres. Given the nature of the human mind, the inevitabilities of the human situation, and the principle of limitation of possibilities it is hardly surprising that peoples who have had no direct or indirect historical contact have hit upon the same, or approximately the same, solutic *to identical or similar problems pos* by the human condition. Still mo impressive to me are some broad trends found in both hemispheres. the large the city-state (of both the cratic and military type) found Middle America looks like comparab forms developed in the Near East. both worlds we get messianic religio spread by the sword. In both v find "expansionist" and "militaristi stages. Likewise, as the final stage an important culture, we note tl coincidence of widespread social, pol tical, and religious disturbances. Wi the Inca there are arresting simila *ities not only to religious and milita* totalitarianism but also in some r spects to communist ideas and forı of organization.

VERY well. Let us put on our fo tune-teller's costume and predict what directions the trends present 1500 would have moved in anoth half-millennium. It is a safe predi tion that what A. L. Kroeber ca "Nuclear America" (roughly fro central Mexico down to the southe end of the Inca "empire") would ha continued to widen its sphere of cu tural influence. We know somethi about how much of this had alrea gone on in both North and Sou America in the centuries immediate before the coming of the Spaniar The town-dwelling Indians of t Southwest show a profound impa from Meso-America before 1000 A. —and quite possibly much earli



—*Ewing Gallow*

Today's University of Mexico—"what was most vital and essential in the New World.

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than this. Objects of smelted copper, parakeets, architectural details, aspects of ceremonialism—possibly the religious calendar and even agriculture and pottery—were importations from Mexico. Later Mexican influences in ornament, architecture, and cult are apparent in the Mississippi Valley and along and adjacent to the Gulf of Mexico.

One can, of course, only guess as to the extent to which political dominion would have widened. My own guess is that, whether under the leadership of the Aztecs or some other group from Middle America, some kind of centralized or loose political organization would have controlled a sizable proportion of what is now the United States. The Andean area was also in an expansionist phase. Some think that the Incas fell so easily to Pizarro and his *conquistadores* because this state was already torn by the internal weakness and dissension of "decadence." If so I believe that—after a long or short interval—another centralized power would have risen in this region and that eventually there would have occurred a decisive struggle between this power and the one to the north. Nor would a Mexican empire" or "confederacy" have advanced beyond the Rio Grande too many miles or too many years before serious battles ensued. By the time of sustained European contact larger political entities such as the League of the Iroquois and the Creek Confederacy were already in operation. Perhaps the nascent militaristic states would have within a century or two spent their strengths in continual wars, and there would have followed an epoch characterized by many institutions similar to those of feudal Europe and Japan.

But, failing horses to domesticate in the New World and assuming that wheeled vehicles would not have been developed for transportation, the communication problem would have set limits to the size of any "empires" that might have been created. One should not, however, exaggerate these limits. The Incas, for example, created an amazing system of communication with well-built roads, way-stations, and scheduled runners. It is probable, also, that communication would have been facilitated by the simplification and improvement of one or more of the Middle American systems of writing, so that both commerce and political control would benefit. Still, I believe that the northern and southern peripheral regions of the two continents and other isolated enclaves that were not rich enough to organize would have remained in a state of simple tribalism, though influenced by the major civilizations.

What would have happened to the material culture of the Indians? One can confidently assume progress in metallurgy, agriculture, and in many crafts. The Indians had long made some use of meteoric iron, but I doubt that smelted iron—let alone steel—would have been independently discovered on these continents in another 500 years. Nor is any great extension of the use of non-human power likely, though we must not forget that the Hopi Indians were using coal on a small scale for fuel as early as 1300 A.D.

OF ONE thing we may be sure—at any rate in a general and abstract way. Through European conquest and domination world civilization has been deprived of artistic and religious creations which the American Indians would have produced if left alone a few more centuries. From their sculpture, their poems and tales and myths, their painting and music—alike in pre- and post-Conquest times—one knows that their creative possibilities were as great as they were distinctive. To those in the arts one must add those in the realm of religious and philosophic ideas. The *Popul Vuh*, and even some of the Osage and Omaha "philosophical treatises," presents views of the world and of human experience that merit the attention of thoughtful persons. Ensuing years would undoubtedly have enhanced the maturity and sophistication of American Indian contributions to the creations of man as the reasoning or reflective animal. But I like to think—and I believe that it is in some measure true—that contemporary Mexican civilization which, best of living cultures, is built upon and incorporates the Indian heritage is, in its present renaissance, offering to the total stream of world civilization much of what was most vital and essential in the potentialities of the New World before Columbus.

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War and Art

Continued from page 17

lished book **"Eisenhower's Six Great Decisions"** (Longmans, Green, $3.95), its author acknowledges, came from an editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* who ten years ago "felt that an *early* postwar account should be written of the several decisions which I have described as vital to our success in the West." I have supplied italics to emphasize what is surely the key word in the explanation and to point up the key question now: Why are the articles of ten years ago only now gathered and published in book form with all their pristine errors of fact and interpretation untouched? General Smith's impromptu essays on General Eisenhower's part in the European campaign could be justified when written on grounds that they provided perhaps as good a high-level report to the nation as could be put together in a hurry. That General Smith is willing a decade later to stand on what he dictated on the run must be profoundly discouraging to any who regard history seriously as the pursuit of truth.

Even the basic thesis on which the book is organized—that General Eisenhower made six great (that is, critical) decisions to win the war in Europe—is questionable in the light of facts uncovered since 1946 by both Allied and German students. On general principles the listing of turning points in history is a dubious exercise which overemphasizes the dramatic and distorts the seamless pattern of cause and effect in human affairs. It seems particularly false to the history of the war in Europe.

Of General Smith's six decisions only the first—the determination to launch the invasion on June 6—faced the Supreme Commander with a clear-cut choice at a given moment in operations. None of the other "great" decisions was of this kind. One—General Eisenhower's response to the Ardennes counterattack—was not strictly speaking a decision at all but a gradual yielding to the compulsion of events.

The whole nature of the campaign in Europe is twisted by General Smith's insistence that Ike appear as a brilliant strategist. The fact that the European victory was a demonstration of the crushing effect of overwhelming material superiority, which could scarcely have been resisted even if managed by the most mediocre generalship, is nowhere brought out. General Eisenhower's real and very considerable talents as a military executive, furthermore, are concealed behind the stage flaps of military romance. It is hard to see how such an account serves the true interests of the nation or of General Eisenhower, whose record needs no glamorizing, even in an election year.

—G. H.

"Boy! Things sure look different through the eyes of a horse!"

SOME REMARKABLE MEN: In recounting the exploits of seventeen winners of the Congressional Medal of Honor from two world wars and Korea, Bruce Jacobs has intended no more than a celebration of the **"Heroes of the Army"** (Norton, $3.50). His chapters are straightforward narrative, swiftly paced, easily readable, and spiced with a zest for bloodthirsty detail. The book can be read in the same spirit, for these are remarkable yarns about remarkable men.

Most readers, however, are likely to find themselves teased by the implicit and unexamined questions: What is a hero? What makes a hero Mr. Jacobs repeatedly observes of hi subjects that they didn't look lik heroes. But what does a hero loo like? That these seventeen men wer exceptional even among Medal c Honor winners is obvious from thei actions, as incredible in the telling a they must have been in battle. Wha else did they have in common? T reply "courage" is, of course, to be the question. Some appear to hav been virtually demonic in a lust fc killing; others, only extraordinaril calm, ingenious, and self-possesse All who figure here were leaders wh materially affected the outcome c battle, but far more Medals of Honc have actually been awarded for non essential, or at least tangential, dis plays of personal bravery.

So far as the Army has been con sistent at all the touchstone seems t have been in the beholder who re acts with a predictable shock of non recognition. Official heroes, in shor may be those who show an indiffer ence to safety so unlike usual huma behavior as to call forth the wonde that is at the root of admiration. Ye whether or not that defines the na ture of heroism for purposes of offi cial recognition, it says little about th nature of heroes. And it raises, c course, still another difficult questior wholly ignored here, of whether th military system of awards does in fac select the true heroes with reasonabl consistency.

—G. H.

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
DEATH OF AN ARTIST *John Rhode* Dodd, Mead: $2.95)	Gent named Cuthbert Ditcheat found defunct in English chicken-house; Supt. Jimmy Waghorn carries ball.	Aged Dr. Priestley spider-webs this one, as of wont; dogs are involved; rural cops ride bikes, eat regularly.	Pedestrian as an old shoe.
MURDER IN PRINT *Ray Sonin* (Roy: $2.50)	Youthful editor of country weekly (English) resents being scooped; real killing follows fake yarn.	Rather naïve, but fresh, lively; holes in it, and violates conventions; has idyllic interludes.	Comment at left.
NIGHTMARE *Cornell Woolrich* Dodd, Mead: $2.95)	Six shorts in one package; location not stressed, but LA area, Texas coast are included.	Competent yarns are largely character studies, but have plenty of suspense; professional job.	Smooth.
RIDDLE OF A LADY *Anthony Gilbert* (Random: $2.95)	English provincial solicitor jounced as gal friend takes final count; Arthur Crook, gentleman eye, edges into act.	Confusingly huge cast takes command before killing; pace obliterated as crowd pours in; family concerns also obtrude.	Far off his best.
TANGLED WEB *Nicholas Blake* (Harper: $3)	Cotswold cutie, 17, of "peasant blood," falls for posh crook; crime career climaxes in cop killing.	Diffuse performance has characters named Charles Poore, Bruce Rogers; pace nowhere precipitate.	Too long.
THE LUNATIC TIME *John Roeburt* (S&S: $2.75)	NY mag. writer gives first aid to gal whose brother faces murder rap; mean cop a problem.	Chop-chop technique an irritant; weird characters include lad who paints big toe black.	Overdone.
FANTASY AND FUGUE *Roy Fuller* Macmillan: $2.75)	British Jekyll-Hyde character tells own story: Did he kill alcoholic poet or did he not?	Cast takes in many in London's Bohemian set; soul-searching is slow-motion.	*Fin de siècle.*
THE SHADOW PEOPLE *Kenneth Laing* (Roy: $2.50)	British adventurer type (name: Rolling Stone) clashes with cloak-and-dagger boys in London, countryside, Riviera.	Action reasonably fast, with good light touches; Yard has hand, but lone-wolf glory boys hold spotlight.	Genial thriller.
THE BLONDE DIED DANCING *Kelley Roos* Dodd, Mead: $2.95)	NY samba scholar passes out and on; reporter's wife joins school staff to learn how come; cops are skeptical.	Nice chase job, wittily set down; pace crisp, lively throughout; very pleasant entertainment.	Brisk and bouncy.
WHAT CRIME IS IT? *Dorothy Gardiner* Crime Club: $2.75)	Colorado sheriff faces double death puzzle, plus apparently related killing in New York; goes there.	Impingement of Westerner on big town gaily handled; cross-continent chase winds up a sizzler.	High-grade, jolly.
CRY SCANDAL *William Ard* (Rinehart: $2.75)	Shady NY investigator vanishes; honest pal takes over search; death and blackmail abound.	Nudity *passim*; tell-all magazines, dirty pix, crux of yarn full of murky characters.	Spotty.
HE GIRL IN 304 *Harold R. Daniels* (Dell: 25¢)	Georgia sheriff gets on job when back-country lass pays wages of sin; so do others.	Setting, characterization excellent; pace good; solution not unguessable.	Large plus mark.
RUSSIAN ROULETTE *Anthony Bloomfield* (Harcourt: $3.50)	Sexy gal breathes last at Blackpool-type resort; journalist Derek Carr applies psychological pressure (and so do cops).	Impingement of A on B is mainspring of out-of-rut yarn which is deftly contrived and neatly written; setting nicely sketched in.	Highly unusual.
HE CASE OF THE AMATEUR ACTOR *Christopher Bush* Macmillan: $2.50)	London lit. agent's death baffles Investigator Ludovic Travers and Yard's Supt. Wharton, who are ready to say uncle—	—when second killing, apparently unrelated to first, provides payoff; good two-in-one job is among author's best.	Nice brain-teaser.
WIDOW'S PIQUE *Blair Treynor* Mill-Morrow: $2.75)	LA Pvt. Op. Peter Bayliss returns to civilian life in big way with three-ply murder case.	High-voltage gals and super-deluxe cars abound; omnipresent dialogue impedes pace.	Noise-maker.
THE BIG BITE *Charles Williams* (Dell: 25¢)	Sidelined football star scents murder; applies heat to Texas Gulf Coast beauty and boy-friend.	Amateur blackmail campaign neatly thought out, effectively carried through; wow payoff. —SERGEANT CUFF.	Packs big punch.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1174

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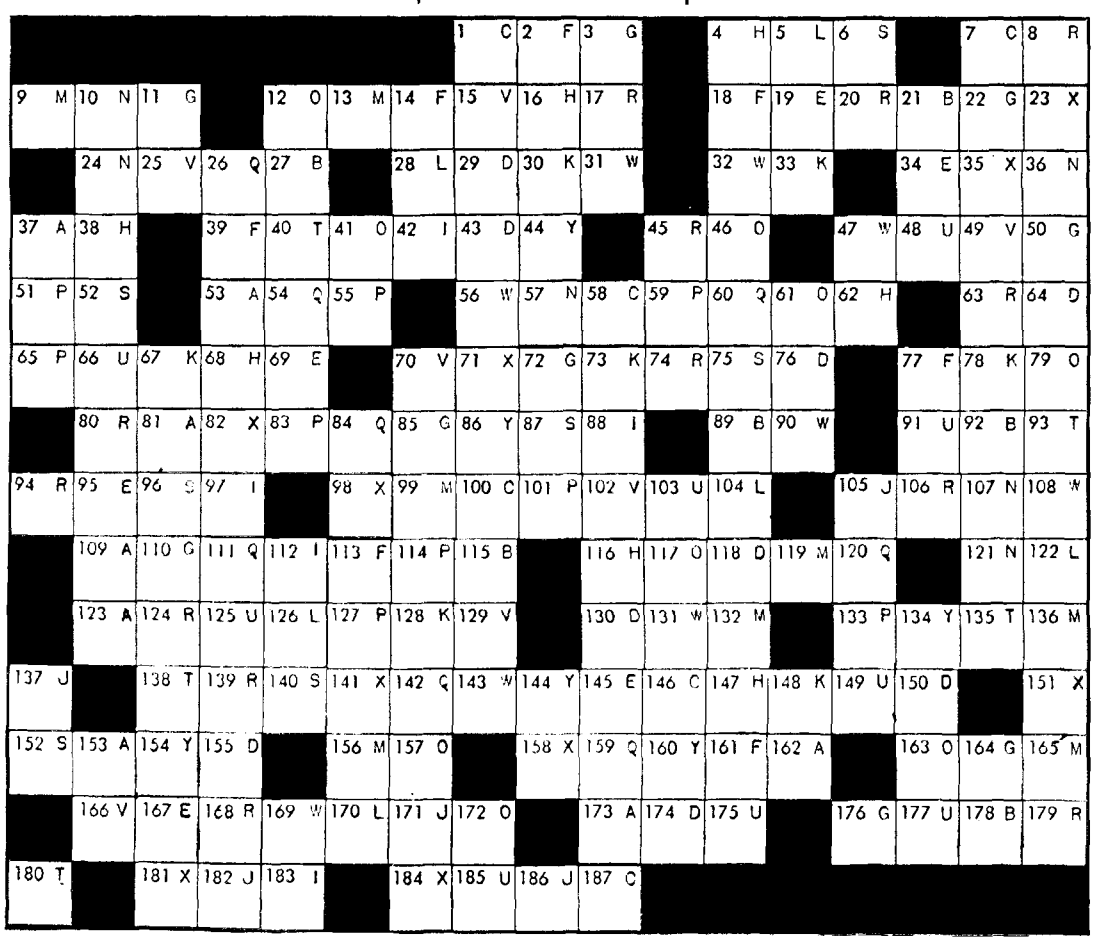
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. With Word W, hyphenated name of English playwright and fiction writer, collaborator with W. H. Auden (contemporary).	109 37 53 123 162 173 153 81
B. Followed by "Book," important 11th-cent. MS. containing texts of important Anglo-Saxon poems.	178 92 21 89 27 115
C. The "Dancing Chancellor" of Queen Elizabeth I.	187 1 58 7 100 146
D. The brant (2 wds.; local English name).	118 29 130 155 150 64 174 76 43
E. A primitive or root word.	145 69 34 167 95 19
F. Supply with whatever promotes growth and development.	2 77 18 161 113 39 14
G. Small German dog with some fine qualities as a house pet.	50 110 176 164 22 11 72 85 3
H. Colloq. U.S. for twenty-five cents (2 wds.).	62 4 16 116 68 147 38
I. Mound of sandy drift deposited by a glacier.	183 88 42 97 112
J. Anything.	105 171 137 182 186
K. Figure indicating the harmony in thoroughbass.	73 128 148 78 33 67 30
L. Husband-and-wife team of English writers, 19th cent. ("Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain," etc.).	5 122 28 126 170 104
M. Birthplace of J. S. Bach; town where Luther went to school.	132 156 119 165 136 9 13 99

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Pseudonym of de Saint-Amand, contemporary French poet, verses about the miseries of the poor, etc.	107 57 10 121 36 24
O. Packs an empty garment or shell so as to distend normal outlines (2 wds.).	12 163 61 157 79 172 41 117 46
P. Tall, slender, graceful dog apparently well-known prior to 1300 B.C.	127 83 114 133 59 51 101 65 55
Q. The price of lodging (2 wds.).	111 60 159 26 142 84 54 120
R. French city whose town hall is built on ruins of Charlemagne's palace (comp.).	45 106 139 94 80 63 74 179 168 8 17 20 124
S. Heavyweight boxing champion who took the title away from Jess Willard.	96 152 52 140 87 75 6
T. Followed by Word V, one of the country places frequently visited by Bertie Wooster.	135 40 93 138 180
U. German, 18th cent., regarded by some as founder of science of statistics.	48 66 103 91 149 175 185 125 177
V. See Word T.	70 15 25 129 166 49 102
W. See Word A.	143 108 131 169 47 56 90 32 31
X. System of therapeutics based on theory that diseases are due to mechanical derangement.	35 23 98 141 71 184 82 181 151 158
Y. One of a numbered set.	44 160 144 86 154 134



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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